

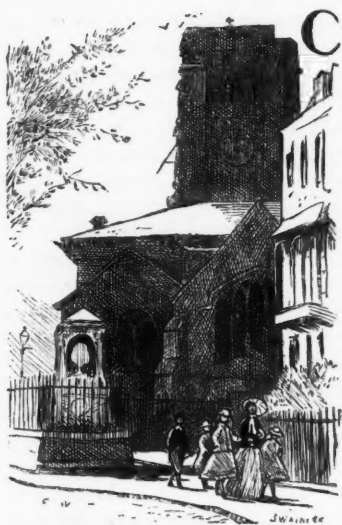
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1866.

The Village on the Cliff.

CHAPTER III.

BY THE RIVER.



sun-rays. Catherine was delighted with the sweet fresh air and childishly amused by the crowd, but she thought she had better get out of it. As she was turning out of the broad pathway by one of the small iron gates of the park, she came face to face with Dick Butler walking with a couple of friends. He took off his hat as he passed, and Miss George again bowed with the air of a meek little princess.

"Who is that?" said Beamish. "I don't know her."

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Mr. Beamish was destined to improve his acquaintance, for there came a little note from Mrs. Butler to Dick early next morning.

"MY DEAR RICHARD,—I am very sorry to find that I cannot possibly join your party this afternoon, but the girls and your aunt will be delighted to come. The children declare you would be horribly disappointed if they did not make their appearance. I am afraid of their being troublesome. May I send Miss George to keep them in order?—They are beyond their sisters' control, I fear. Ever affectionately yours,

"S. BUTLER.

"P.S.—Will not you and Mr. Beamish be amiable and look in upon us this evening? you will find some friends."

Dick's studio was in Queen's Walk. He lived in one of those old brown houses facing the river. He could see the barges go by, and the boats and the steamers sliding between the trees which were planted along the water-side. An echo of the roar of London seemed passing by outside the ancient gates of his garden; within everything was still and silent, and haunted by the past. An old dais of Queen Anne's time still hung over his doorway, and he was very proud of his wainscoted hall and drawing-room, and of the oaken stairs which led up to his studio. His friend lived with him there. Mr. Beamish was in the Foreign Office, and had good expectations. As he was an only son and had been very rigidly brought up, he naturally inclined to Dick, and to his Bohemian life, and the two young men got on very well together. The house had been a convent school before they came to it, and gentle black-veiled nuns had slid from room to room, rosy ragged children had played about the passages and the oaken hall, and had clattered their mugs, and crumbled their bread-and-butter, in the great bow-windowed dining-room at the back. The young men had seen the place by chance one day, were struck by its quaintness and capabilities, and they agreed to take it together and to live there. The children and the nuns went away through the iron gates. Butler put workmen in to repair, and polish, and make ready, and then he came and established himself, with his paint-pots and canvases.

The studio was a great long room, with a cross-light that could be changed and altered at will; for which purpose heavy curtains and shutters had been put up. There was matting on the floor, and some comfortable queer-shaped chairs were standing round the fireplace. The walls were panelled to about four feet from the ground, and from hooks and nails and brackets, hung a hundred trophies of Butler's fancies and experiences. Pictures begun and never finished, plaster casts, boxing-gloves, foils, Turkish pipes and scimitars, brown jugs of graceful slender form, out of Egyptian tombs. Bits of blue china, and then odd garments hanging from hooks, Venetian brocades of gold and silver, woven with silk, and pale and strange-coloured stuffs and gauzes, sea-green, salmon-colour, fainting blue, and saffron and angry orange-browns. English words cannot describe the queer, fanciful colours.

There was a comfortable sofa with cushions, and a great soft carpet spread at one end of the room, upon which the tea-table stood, all ready laid with cakes and flowers. Beamish had gone out that morning and bought a waggon-load of flowers, for the studio and the balcony. There was a piano in a dark corner of the room, where the curtains cast a gloom, but the windows on the balcony were set wide open, and the river rolled by grey and silvery, and with a rush, carrying its swift steamers and boats and burdens. The distant banks gleamed through the full-leaved branches, a quiet figure stood here and there under the trees, watching the flow of the stream. It was a strange, quaint piece of mediæval life set into the heart of to-day. The young men should have worn powder and periwigs, or a still more ancient garb. In the church near at hand, a martyr lies buried, and it is the old bygone world that everything tells of—as the river flows past the ancient houses. Presently the clock from the steeple of old St. Mary's Church clanged out, and at that very instant there was a loud ring at the bell. Beamish started up. Dick looked over the balcony. It was only the punctual children, who had insisted upon starting much too soon, and who had been walking up and down the street, waiting until it should be time for them to make their appearance.

"Do you know, we very nearly didn't come at all, Dick?" they instantly began telling him from down below in the hall. "Mamma said she couldn't come, and Miss George didn't want to, did you, Miss George? and they said we should be a bother; and we were afraid we were late, but we weren't." All this was chiefly in Algy's falsetto. Lydia joined in—"Wouldn't you have been disappointed if we had not come, Dick? and why have you hung up all these little things?"

"They are kitchen plates and old clothes," says Algy, splitting with laughter; "and some foils—oh, jolly."

"Algy," said Miss George, very determined and severe, because she was so shy—"remember that I am going to take you away if you are troublesome."

"He won't be troublesome, Miss George. He never is," said Dick, good-humouredly. "Look here; won't you sit down?" and he pushed forward the enormous tapestried chair in which he had been lounging. Catherine sat down. She looked a very small little person in her white gown, lost in the great arm-chair. She glanced round curiously, with her bright eyes, and forgot her rôle of governess for a minute.

"How delightful the river is—what a dear old place," she said, in her plaintive childish voice. "What nice china!"—she happened to have a fancy for bowls and cracked teapots, and had kept the key of her step-mother's china closet. "This is Dutch, isn't it?" she asked. And then she blushed up shyly, and felt very forward all of a sudden.

"Here is a nice old bit," said Beamish, coming up to Dick's assistance, with a hideous tureen he had picked up a bargain. "Butler and I are rival collectors, you know."

"Are you?" said Catherine, blushing again.

"Yes," said Beamish. And then there was a pause in the conversation, and they heard the river rushing, and both grew shyer and shyer.

Meanwhile, Dick was going about with the children, who had fortunately preserved their composure, and who seemed all over the place in a minute.

"And now show us something else," said Algy. "Miss George!" he shouted, "I mean to be an artist like Dick—when I'm a man."

"What a brilliant career Algy is chalking out for himself, isn't he, Beamish?" said poor Dick.

"He might do worse," Beamish answered, kindly. "You must let Miss George see your picture. He has painted a capital picture this time, Miss George."

Dick had modestly turned it with its face to the wall. "They don't want to see my picture," said Dick; and he went on pulling one thing out after another, to the delight of the three little girls who stood all in a row, absorbed in his wonderful possessions. Algy was inspecting a lay figure, and quite silent and entranced by the charming creature. Poor little Miss George, meanwhile, sat in her big chair, growing shyer and shyer every minute: she was longing for the others to appear. Perhaps Beamish also was looking out for them.

They came at last, with a roll of wheels, a rustle, some gentle laughter and confusion on the stairs; and the two young fellows rushed down to receive their guests. Georgie was in blue, and had her affected manner on; Catherine Butler was all in a light grey cloud from head to foot, and looked like a beautiful apparition as she came under the curtain of the door, following her aunt. Madame de Tracy was bustling in, without any poetic or romantic second thoughts, exclaiming at everything she saw—delighted with the convenience of the house. She was unlike Mrs. Butler in the sincere and unaffected interest she took in all sorts of other people's schemes, arrangements, money matters, and love-makings, lodgings, and various concerns.

"But how well-off you are here, Dick! I congratulate you! you must feel quite cramped at Tracy after this! Catherine! Look at that river and the flowers. . . . Is it not charming?—you are quite magnificent; my dear Dick, you are receiving us like a prince!"

"Beamish got the flowers," said Richard, smiling; "I only stood the cakes. Now then, Catherine, you must make tea, please."

They all went and sat round the tea-table in a group. Madame de Tracy and Georgina were upon the sofa. The children were squatting on the floor, while Miss George stood handing them their cakes and their tea, for Dick's chairs were big and comfortable, but not very numerous. Catherine Butler, with deft, gentle fingers, dipped the china into the basin, poured water from the kettle with its little flame, measured, with silver tongs and queer old silver spoons, the cream and sugar into the fragrant cups. She might have been the priestess of the flower-decked altar, offering up

steaming sacrifices to Fortune. Beamish secretly pledged her in the cup she handed him with her two hands, and one of her bright sudden smiles. A little person in white, who was standing against some tapestry in the background, cutting bread and jam for the hungry children, caught sight of the two, and thrilled with a feminine kindness, and then smiled, hanging her head over the brown loaf. Dick, who was deeply interested in the issue of the meeting that afternoon, was sitting on the back of the sofa, and by chance he saw one Catherine's face reflected in the other's. He was touched by the governess's gentle sympathy, and noticed, for the first time, that she had been somewhat neglected.

"You want a table, Miss George," said Dick, placing one before her, and a chair. . . . "And you have no tea yourself. You have been so busy attending to everybody else. Catherine, we want some tea here. . . . Beamish, why don't you go and play the piano, and let us feast with music like the Arabian Nights? . . ."

"How pretty the flowers are growing," cried little Sarah, pointing. "Oh, do look, Miss George dear. . . ."

"It's the sun shining through the leaves," said Madame de Tracy, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"The water shines, too," said Augusta. "I wish there was a river in Eaton Square; don't you, Catherine?"

"I envy you your drawing-room, Dick," said Madame de Tracy, conclusively. "Mr. Beamish, pray give us an air."

Beamish now got up and went to the piano. "If I play, you must show them your picture," he said, striking a number of chords very quickly, and then he sat down and began to play parts of that wonderful Kreutzer sonata, which few people can listen to unmoved. The piano was near where Catherine Butler had been making the tea, and she turned her head and listened, sitting quite still with her hands in her lap. I think Beamish was only playing to her, although all the others were listening round about. I know he only looked up at her every now and then as he played. Little Catherine George had sunk down on a low chair by the children, and had fallen into one of her dreams again. . . . She understood, though no one had ever told her, all that was passing before her. She listened to the music; it seemed warning, beseeching, prophesying, by turns. There is one magnificent song without words in the adagio, in which it seems as if one person alone is uttering and telling a story, passionate, pathetic, unutterably touching. Catherine thought it was Beamish telling his own story in those beautiful, passionate notes to Catherine, as she sat there in her grey cloud dress, with her golden hair shining in the sunset. Was she listening? Did she understand him? Ah, yes! Ah, yes, she must! Did everybody listen to a story like this once in their lives? Catherine George wondered. People said so. But, ah! was it true? It was true for such as Catherine Butler, perhaps—for beautiful young women, loved, and happy, and cherished; but was it true for a lonely and forlorn little creature, without friends, without

beauty (Catherine had only seen herself in her glass darkly as yet), with no wealth of her own to buy the priceless treasure of love and sympathy? The sun was shining outside; the steamers and boats were still sailing by; Catherine Butler's future was being decided. Little Catherine sat in a trance; her dark eyes were glowing. Beamish suddenly changed the measure, and crashed about on the piano, until by degrees it was Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," which went swinging through the room in great vibrations. Then Catherine George seemed to see the mediæval street, the old German town, the figures passing, the bridegroom tramping ahead, the young men marching along in procession. She could almost see the crisp brocades and the strange-cut dresses, and hear the whispering of the maidens following with the crowned bride; while from the gables of the queer old town—(she even gave it a name, and vaguely called it Augsburg or Nuremberg to herself)—people's heads were pushing and staring at the gay procession. It was one of those strange phantasmagorias we all know at times, so vivid for the moment that we cannot but believe we have seen it once, or are destined to witness it at some future time in reality.

Beamish left off playing suddenly, and bent over the instrument, and began talking to Catherine Butler in low, eager tones. Madame de Tracy and Georgie, who had had enough music, were standing at the window by this time, watching the scene outside. The children, too, had jumped up, and ran out one by one upon the balcony. Not for the first time, and, alas! not for the last, poor child! a weary, strange, lost feeling came over Catherine George, as she sat on an overturned chest, in the great, strange room. It came to her from her very sympathy for the other two, and gladness in their content. It was a sharp, sudden thorn of aloneness and utter forlornness, which stung her so keenly in her excited and eager state that two great tears came and stood in her eyes; but they were youthful tears, fresh and salt, of clear crystal, unsoiled, undimmed as yet by the stains of life.

Dick, who was himself interested for his friend, and excited beyond his custom, and who had begun to feel a sort of interest in the sensitive little guest, thought she was feeling neglected. He had noticed her from across the room, and he now came up to her, saying, very gently and kindly, "Would you care to see my picture, Miss George? my aunt and my cousin say they want to see it. It's little enough to look at."

As he said, it was no very ambitious effort. An interior. A fishwife sitting watching for her husband's return, with her baby asleep on her knee. One has seen a score of such compositions. This one was charmingly painted, with feeling and expression. The colours were warm and transparent; the woman's face was very touching, bright and sad at once; her brown eyes looked out of the picture. There was life in them, somehow, although the artist had, according to the fashion of his school, set her head against a window, and painted hard black shadows and deeply marked lines with ruthless fidelity. The kitchen was evidently

painted from a real interior. The great carved cupboard, with the two wooden birds pecketing each other's beaks, and the gleaming steel hinges, with two remarkable rays of light issuing from them; the great chimney, with the fire blazing; (the shovel was an elaborate triumph of art;) the half-open window, looking out across fields to the sea; the distaff, the odd shuttles for making string, hanging from the ceiling; the great brass pan upon the ground with the startling reflections. It was all more than true to nature, and the kitchen—somewhat modified, and less carefully polished—might be seen in any of the cottages and farmsteads round about the Château de Tracy for miles.

"My dear Dick, you have made an immense start," said his aunt. "It's admirable. It's by far the best thing you have done yet. Who is it so like? Catherine, only look at the brass pan and the cupboard. Madame Binaud has got just such a one in her kitchen."

Dick shrugged his shoulders, but he was pleased at the praise. "I have another thing here," he said, smiling, "only it isn't finished." And he rolled out another canvas on an easel.

"It's quite charming! What's the subject?" said Madame de Tracy, looking through her eyeglass.

"Oh, I don't know. Anything you like. A cart—Normandy peasants going for a drive—coming back from market," said Dick, blushing and looking a little conscious. . . . "I have been obliged to paint out the girl's head, Georgie. I wish you'd sit to me." And looking up as he spoke—not at Georgie—he met the glance of two soft dark eyes which were not Georgie's. "I wish you would sit to me, Miss George," cried Dick, suddenly inspired. "You would make a first-rate fishwife; wouldn't she, aunt Matilda?"

"I think Miss George would look very nice indeed in the costume," Madame de Tracy good-humouredly said. "She is a brunette, like all our girls." And Madame de Tracy turned her eyeglass on Miss George, and nodded. She then glanced at Dick.

"I should be very glad to sit to Mr. Butler," said Miss George in her gentle way, "but I am afraid I should not have time. I am very much occupied, and the children mustn't be neglected, and I hope they are not in trouble now," she added, looking round. "I'm afraid it is time for us to go." The clock of the old church had struck six some time, and as she said, it was time to go.

Madame de Tracy looked at her watch, and gave a little scream. "Yes, indeed," she said, "my brother Charles and half-a-dozen other people dine in Eaton Square to-night. Are you coming?"

"Beamish and I are coming in to dessert," said Dick; at least he seemed to wish it this morning.

"We have to get home, we have to dress," said Madame de Tracy, pre-occupied. "Georgie, where is my parasol? Catherine, are you ready? Have you finished your talk?"

Beamish and Catherine had finished their talk by this time, or begun

it rather, for it was a life-long talk that they had entered into. The carriage had come back for the elders of the party. The children, who had eaten enormously, went off slightly subdued.

The two young men stood in the iron gateway, watching the carriage as it drove away, and the governess and the little pupils slowly sauntering homewards along the river side.

Beamish looked very tall and very odd as he stood leaning against the iron gate, round which some clematis was clinging.

Dick glanced at him, and then at the river, and then at his friend again. "Well!" he said, at last, pulling a leaf off a twig.

"It is all right," Beamish said, with the light in his face as he put out his hand to Dick; and then the two cordially shook hands, to the surprise of some little ragged children who were squatting in the road.

CHAPTER IV.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY.

CATHERINE held little Sarah's hand tightly clasped in hers as they went home along the busy streets. She had not met with so much romance in her short hard life, this poor little Catherine, that she could witness it unmoved in others. She had read of such things in books before now, of Lord Orville exclaiming with irresistible fire, "My sweet, my beloved, Miss Anville!" of Rochester's energetic love-making, of Mr. Knightley's expressive eyes, as he said, "My dearest Emma, for dearest you will be to me, whatever may be the result of this morning's conversation." And she had read of the sweet bunch of fragrant lilac, which a young lover had sent to his lady, and now here was a sweet bunch of lilac for Catherine Butler; so the little governess called it to herself, and the sweetness and scent seemed diffused all round, until they, the bystanders, were all perfumed and made fragrant too.

Catherine had heard Mr. Beamish saying,—"I shall come this evening and see you," as he put Miss Butler into the carriage. The girl had not answered, but her face looked very sweet and conscious, as she bent over and held out her hand to him. Poor Dick was looking on too, and a little old refrain came into his head. "*En regrettant la Normandie*," it went, "*En regrettant . . .*" This sweet dream of love-making made the way short and pleasant, though the children lagged and stopped at every interesting sight along the road. The man pouring beer out of his can, the milkwoman setting down her pails, the cart full of oranges and blue paper, the grocer taking in faggots two by two out of a cart: all was grist that came to their little mills, and delayed the fatal return to evening tasks and bed. For the little governess the sweet summer twilight was all a-glow, and she was in a sort of enchanted world, where perfect happiness was waiting at

unexpected corners ; where people understood what was in one another's hearts ; where there was a little trouble to begin with, but where at two or three and twenty (Miss Butler was little more), or even sooner, the fragrant bunch of lilacs flowered for most people, and then what mattered all the rest ? If the flowers were blooming on the branches, a passing storm, or wind, or darkness, could not unmake the spring.

One privilege belonging to her position Miss George had not, perhaps, valued so highly as she might have done. It was that of coming down in white muslin with Augusta after dinner whenever she liked. Little sleepy Sarah, and the aggrieved Lydia, would be popped into white calico and disposed of between the sheets ; but Miss George and Augusta were at liberty to enjoy the intoxicating scene if they felt so inclined.

Mr. Butler, nodding off over the paper. Mrs. Butler at her davenport, writing civil notes, one after another, in her large even handwriting. Catherine and Georgina strumming on the pianoforte. The back-room quite dark, and the tea stagnating on a small table near the doorway. This was when there was nobody there. When there was company the aspect of things was very different. Both the chandeliers would be lighted, the round sofa wheeled out into the middle of the room. Three ladies would be sitting upon it with their backs turned to one another ; Georgina and a friend, in full evening dress, suppressing a yawn, would be looking over a book of photographs.

"Do you like this one of me ?" Georgina would say, with a slight increase of animation. "Oh, what a horrid thing !" the young lady would reply ; "if it was me, I should burn it—indeed I should. And is that your sister ?—a Silvy I am sure." "Yes, my cousin Richard cannot bear it ; he says she looks as if her neck was being wrung." In the meantime, Catherine Butler, kindly attentive and smiling, would be talking to old Lady Shiverington, and trying to listen to her account of her last influenza, while Mrs. Butler, with her usual tact, was devoting herself to the next grander lady present. Madame de Tracy, after being very animated all dinner-time, would be sitting a little subdued with her fan before her eyes. Coffee would be handed round by the servants. After which the climax of the evening would be attained, the door would fly open, and the gentlemen come straggling up from dinner, while tea on silver trays was being served to the expectant guests.

Mr. Butler, with a laugh, disappears into the brilliantly-lighted back-room with a couple of congenial white neckcloths, while Mr. Bartholomew, the great railway contractor, treads heavily across the room to his hostess and asks if these are some more of her young ladies ? and how was it that they had not had the pleasure of their company at dinner ? "My daughter Augusta is only twelve, Mr. Bartholomew, and is not thinking of coming out," Mrs. Butler would say ; "and that is Miss George, my children's governess. It amuses her to come down, poor girl. Have you had any tea ?"

Miss George, far from being amused by all this brilliancy, generally

kept carefully out of the way; but on this particular evening, after the five o'clock tea at the studio, she had been haunted by a vague curiosity and excitement, and she felt as if she must come down—as if it would be horrible to sit all alone and silent in the schoolroom, out of reach, out of knowledge, out of sight, while below, in the more favoured drawing-room, the people were all alive with interest, and expectation, and happiness.

Just before dinner she had met Madame de Tracy on the stairs, fastening her bracelets and running down in a great hurry. Catherine looked up at her and smiled as she made way, and the elder lady, who was brimming over with excitement and discretion, and longing to talk to every one on the subject which absorbed her, said,—

“Ah, Miss George, I see you found out our secret this afternoon—not a word to the children. Mr. Beamish is coming to-night after dinner to speak to my brother. Hush! some one is on the stairs.”

Miss George was not the only person in the establishment who surmised that something was going on. Madame de Tracy's vehement undertones had roused the butler's curiosity; he had heard the master of the house confessing that he was not totally unprepared; while Mrs. Butler was late for dinner, an unprecedented event, and had been seen embracing her daughter with more than usual effusion, in her room upstairs. Mrs. Butler was one of those motherly women entirely devoted to their husbands and children, and who do not care very much for anybody else in all the world, except so far as they are conducive to the happiness of their own family. She worked, thought, bustled, wrote notes, arranged and contrived for her husband and children. Her davenport was a sort of handmill, at which she ground down paper, pens, monograms, stamps, regrets, delights, into notes, and turned them out by the dozen. Her standard was not a very high one in this world or in the next, but she acted industriously up to it such as it was, and although her maternal heart was stirred with sympathy, she was able to attend to her guests and make small talk as usual. I do not think that one of them, from her manner, could have guessed how she longed secretly to be rid of them all.

Catherine George, who was only the little governess and looker-on, felt her heart stirred too as she dressed in her little room upstairs to come down after dinner; unconsciously she took more than usual pains with herself; she peered into her looking-glass, and plumed and smoothed out her feathers like a bird by the side of a pool.

She thought her common gown shabby and crumpled, and she pulled out for the first time one of those which had been lying by ever since she had left her own home. This was a soft India muslin, prettily made up with lace and blue ribbons. Time had yellowed it a little, but it was none the worse for that, and if the colours of the blue ribbons had faded somewhat, they were all the softer and more harmonious. With her rough dark hair piled up in a knot, she looked like a little Sir Joshua lady when she had tied the bead necklace that encircled her round little throat, and then she came down and waited for Augusta in the

empty drawing-room. Catherine was one of those people who grow suddenly beautiful at times, as there are others who become amiable all at once, or who have flashes of wit, or good spirits; Catherine's odd sudden loveliness was like an inspiration, and I don't think she knew of it. The little thing was in a strange state of sympathy and excitement. She tried to think of other things, but her thoughts reverted again and again to the sunny studio, the river rushing by, the music, the kind young men, and the beautiful, happy Catherine, leaning back in the old carved chair, with her bright eyes shining as she listened to Beamish's long story. The sun had set since he had told it, and a starlight night was now reigning overhead. The drawing-room windows were open, letting in a glimmer of stars and a faint incense from Catherine Butler's flowers outside on the balcony. Little Miss George took up her place in a quiet corner, and glanced again and again from the dull drawing-room walls to the great dazzling vault without, until the stars were hidden from her by the hand of the butler who came in to pull down the blinds and light the extra candles, and to place the chairs against the wall. Whilst he was thus engaged in making the room comfortable, he remarked that "the ladies would not be up for ten minutes or more, and if Miss George and Miss Augusta would please to take a little ice there would be plenty of time?"

"Yes, certainly," said Augusta; "bring some directly, Freeman." And she and Miss George shared their little feast with one spoon between them.

The ladies came up from dinner, and Augusta was summoned to talk to them, and little Miss George was left alone in her corner. She was quite happy, although she had no one to speak to: she was absorbed in the romance of which she had conned the first chapters, and of which the heroine was before her in her white gauze dress, with the azalias in her hair.

And so one Catherine gazed wondering and speculating, while the other sat there patiently listening to the old ladies' complaining talk,—to stories of doctors, and ailments, and old age, and approaching death, coming so soon after the brilliant strains of youth, and music, and romance.

One Catherine's bright cheeks turned very pale; the other, who was only looking on, blushed up, when almost immediately after the tea-tray, the door opened, and Dick and Mr. Beamish walked in without being announced. Mrs. Butler looked up and smiled and held out her hand. Mr. Butler came striding forward from the back-room. Madame de Tracy put up her eyeglass; Catherine Butler looked down, but she could say "yes" quite quietly to old Lady Shiverington, who asked, in a loud whisper, if that was Mr. Beamish. "The young men come to dinner, my dear, time after time," said the old lady, nodding her ancient head, "but they are all so much alike I don't know one from another."

And so this was all that Catherine had come out of her schoolroom to see? Charles Butler had been looking on too from the other end of the

room, with little blinking eyes instead of dark fawn-like orbs, and at this stage of the proceedings he moved out of the way, and came across and sank down, much to Miss George's alarm, in a vacant arm-chair beside her. There she sat in her muslin, fair, pretty, soft, with shy, quick, curious glances; and there sat the old fellow with his wrinkled face and thick eyebrows: she need not have been afraid, though he looked somewhat alarming. If Mr. Bartholomew, who was standing by, could have known what was passing in the minds of these two people, he might have been struck, had he been romantically inclined, by the duet they were unconsciously playing.

"Matilda has been in great force to-night," thought Mr. Butler; "but her confidences are overpowering, whispery mystery,—hiss, hiss, hiss—how she does delight in a love-affair. If it had been poor unlucky Dick now—but I suppose no woman of sense would have a word to say to him, and he will make a terrible fool of himself sooner or later. Eh, eh, we have all made fools of ourselves. . . It is only about half a century since I first saw his mother under the lime-trees. Poor dear! Poor dear!" and the old fellow began to beat a tune to a dirge with his foot as he thought of what was past. Meanwhile Miss George was playing her treble in the duet. "What can it be like," the little governess was thinking, "to love, to be loved, actually to live the dreams and the stories? Oh, I cannot imagine it! Is it like listening to music? is it like that day when we climbed the hill in the sunset, my mother and I, higher and higher, and it was all like heaven in the valley? Is there some secret sympathy which makes quite old and wrinkled people care when they see such things, or does one only cease to feel in time? How calm Catherine looks, she scarcely speaks to Mr. Beamish. I can see Madame de Tracy smiling and nodding her head to her across the room. Can people care really and truly and with all their hearts, and give no more sign? What should I do if I were Catherine? Ah, what am I thinking?"

Here Mr. Butler suddenly gave a grunt and said,—

"I am quite convinced the fault of all arm-chairs is that they are not made deep enough in the seat; my legs are quite cramped and stiff from that abominable contrivance in which I have been sitting. I cannot imagine how my brother can go to sleep in it night after night in the way he does."

"Isn't Mr. Butler's arm-chair comfortable?" said Catherine smiling. "The children and I have always looked at it with respect: we never should venture to sit in it, or not to think it deep enough in the seat."

"I see Mr. Beamish is not too shy to occupy the chair of state," said old Mr. Butler, glancing at Catherine from under his thick eyebrows, and unconsciously frightening her into silence.

Catherine was oppressed by circumstance, and somewhat morbid by nature, as people are who have lively imaginations, and are without the power of expansion. She had lived with dull people all her life, and had never learnt to talk or to think. Her stepmother was a tender-hearted

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Later in life, when people have outlived the passionate impatience of youth, when the mad wild longings are quieted, and the things their own, perhaps, and no longer valued, for which they would have given their lives once—long ago—when people are sober and matter-of-fact, when they have almost forgotten that strange impetuous self of former days, it is easy to blame and to phoo-phoo, to crush and brush away the bright beautiful bubbles which the children are making in their play. Madame

kept carefully out of the way; but on this particular evening, after the five o'clock tea at the studio, she had been haunted by a vague curiosity and excitement, and she felt as if she must come down—as if it would be horrible to sit all alone and silent in the schoolroom, out of reach, out of knowledge, out of sight, while below, in the more favoured drawing-room, the people were all alive with interest, and expectation, and happiness.

Just before dinner she had met Madame de Tracy on the stairs, fastening her bracelets and running down in a great hurry. Catherine looked up at her and smiled as she made way, and the elder lady, who was brimming over with excitement and discretion, and longing to talk to every one on the subject which absorbed her, said,—

“Ah, Miss George, I see you found out our secret this afternoon—not a word to the children. Mr. Beamish is coming to-night after dinner to speak to my brother. Hush! some one is on the stairs.”

Miss George was not the only person in the establishment who surmised that something was going on. Madame de Tracy's vehement undertones had roused the butler's curiosity; he had heard the master of the house confessing that he was not totally unprepared; while Mrs. Butler was late for dinner, an unprecedented event, and had been seen embracing her daughter with more than usual effusion, in her room upstairs. Mrs. Butler was one of those motherly women entirely devoted to their husbands and children, and who do not care very much for anybody else in all the world, except so far as they are conducive to the happiness of their own family. She worked, thought, bustled, wrote notes, arranged and contrived for her husband and children. Her davenport was a sort of handmill, at which she ground down paper, pens, monograms, stamps, regrets, delights, into notes, and turned them out by the dozen. Her standard was not a very high one in this world or in the next, but she acted industriously up to it such as it was, and although her maternal heart was stirred with sympathy, she was able to attend to her guests and make small talk as usual. I do not think that one of them, from her manner, could have guessed how she longed secretly to be rid of them all.

Catherine George, who was only the little governess and looker-on, felt her heart stirred too as she dressed in her little room upstairs to come down after dinner; unconsciously she took more than usual pains with herself; she peered into her looking-glass, and plumed and smoothed out her feathers like a bird by the side of a pool.

She thought her common gown shabby and crumpled, and she pulled out for the first time one of those which had been lying by ever since she had left her own home. This was a soft India muslin, prettily made up with lace and blue ribbons. Time had yellowed it a little, but it was none the worse for that, and if the colours of the blue ribbons had faded somewhat, they were all the softer and more harmonious. With her rough dark hair piled up in a knot, she looked like a little Sir Joshua lady when she had tied the bead necklace that encircled her round little throat, and then she came down and waited for Augusta in the

empty drawing-room. Catherine was one of those people who grow suddenly beautiful at times, as there are others who become amiable all at once, or who have flashes of wit, or good spirits; Catherine's odd sudden loveliness was like an inspiration, and I don't think she knew of it. The little thing was in a strange state of sympathy and excitement. She tried to think of other things, but her thoughts reverted again and again to the sunny studio, the river rushing by, the music, the kind young men, and the beautiful, happy Catherine, leaning back in the old carved chair, with her bright eyes shining as she listened to Beamish's long story. The sun had set since he had told it, and a starlight night was now reigning overhead. The drawing-room windows were open, letting in a glimmer of stars and a faint incense from Catherine Butler's flowers outside on the balcony. Little Miss George took up her place in a quiet corner, and glanced again and again from the dull drawing-room walls to the great dazzling vault without, until the stars were hidden from her by the hand of the butler who came in to pull down the blinds and light the extra candles, and to place the chairs against the wall. Whilst he was thus engaged in making the room comfortable, he remarked that "the ladies would not be up for ten minutes or more, and if Miss George and Miss Augusta would please to take a little ice there would be plenty of time?"

"Yes, certainly," said Augusta; "bring some directly, Freeman." And she and Miss George shared their little feast with one spoon between them.

The ladies came up from dinner, and Augusta was summoned to talk to them, and little Miss George was left alone in her corner. She was quite happy, although she had no one to speak to: she was absorbed in the romance of which she had conned the first chapters, and of which the heroine was before her in her white gauze dress, with the azalias in her hair.

And so one Catherine gazed wondering and speculating, while the other sat there patiently listening to the old ladies' complaining talk,—to stories of doctors, and ailments, and old age, and approaching death, coming so soon after the brilliant strains of youth, and music, and romance.

One Catherine's bright cheeks turned very pale; the other, who was only looking on, blushed up, when almost immediately after the tea-tray, the door opened, and Dick and Mr. Beamish walked in without being announced. Mrs. Butler looked up and smiled and held out her hand. Mr. Butler came striding forward from the back-room. Madame de Tracy put up her eyeglass; Catherine Butler looked down, but she could say "yes" quite quietly to old Lady Shiverington, who asked, in a loud whisper, if that was Mr. Beamish. "The young men come to dinner, my dear, time after time," said the old lady, nodding her ancient head, "but they are all so much alike I don't know one from another."

And so this was all that Catherine had come out of her schoolroom to see? Charles Butler had been looking on too from the other end of the

room, with little blinking eyes instead of dark fawn-like orbs, and at this stage of the proceedings he moved out of the way, and came across and sank down, much to Miss George's alarm, in a vacant arm-chair beside her. There she sat in her muslin, fair, pretty, soft, with shy, quick, curious glances; and there sat the old fellow with his wrinkled face and thick eyebrows: she need not have been afraid, though he looked somewhat alarming. If Mr. Bartholomew, who was standing by, could have known what was passing in the minds of these two people, he might have been struck, had he been romantically inclined, by the duet they were unconsciously playing.

"Matilda has been in great force to-night," thought Mr. Butler; "but her confidences are overpowering, whispery mystery,—hiss, hiss, hiss—how she does delight in a love-affair. If it had been poor unlucky Dick now—but I suppose no woman of sense would have a word to say to him, and he will make a terrible fool of himself sooner or later. Eh, eh, we have all made fools of ourselves. . . It is only about half a century since I first saw his mother under the lime-trees. Poor dear! Poor dear!" and the old fellow began to beat a tune to a dirge with his foot as he thought of what was past. Meanwhile Miss George was playing her treble in the duet. "What can it be like," the little governess was thinking, "to love, to be loved, actually to live the dreams and the stories? Oh, I cannot imagine it! Is it like listening to music? is it like that day when we climbed the hill in the sunset, my mother and I, higher and higher, and it was all like heaven in the valley? Is there some secret sympathy which makes quite old and wrinkled people care when they see such things, or does one only cease to feel in time? How calm Catherine looks, she scarcely speaks to Mr. Beamish. I can see Madame de Tracy smiling and nodding her head to her across the room. Can people care really and truly and with all their hearts, and give no more sign? What should I do if I were Catherine? Ah, what am I thinking?"

Here Mr. Butler suddenly gave a grunt and said,—

"I am quite convinced the fault of all arm-chairs is that they are not made deep enough in the seat; my legs are quite cramped and stiff from that abominable contrivance in which I have been sitting. I cannot imagine how my brother can go to sleep in it night after night in the way he does."

"Isn't Mr. Butler's arm-chair comfortable?" said Catherine smiling. "The children and I have always looked at it with respect: we never should venture to sit in it, or not to think it deep enough in the seat."

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de Tracy did not feel one moment's remorse, sentimental as she was, when she came across and interrupted little Catherine's happy half-hour, and Dick in his eloquent talk.

Dick was asking Catherine what she thought of the five o'clock tea. "We had music, uncle Charles, hadn't we, Miss George? Beamish played first fiddle, *Ah ti voglio ben assai*, a Neapolitan air, uncle Charles. Nobody ever sung it to *you*." And Dick, who was excited and in high spirits, began humming and nodding his head in time. He suddenly stopped—old Charles made a warning sign. "Miss George was present and knows all about it; don't be afraid, she is discretion itself, and of course we are all thinking about the same thing. What is the use of pretending?"

"If Miss George is discretion itself, that quite alters the case," said Mr. Butler.

Meanwhile Dick was going on,—*"Look at uncle Hervey performing the père noble, and making Beamish look foolish. Dear old Beamish, I shouldn't let him marry Catherine if he was not the best fellow in the whole world."*

"My niece is fortunate to have secured such a paragon," said Charles, showing his sympathy by a little extra dryness.

"Their faces are something alike, I think," said Miss George, timidly; "they seem very well suited."

"Of course," said Dick: "5,000*l.* a year in prospect—what can be more suitable? If they had no better reason for wanting to get married than because they were in love with one another, then you should hear the hue-and-cry their affectionate relatives can raise."

"Quite right too," said old Mr. Butler.

Catherine glanced from one to the other.

"You don't think it quite right, do you, Miss George?" said Dick, and then his aunt came up and carried him off.

"Young fellows like Dick often talk a great deal of nonsense," said old Butler, kindly, as Catherine sat looking after the two as they walked away arm-in-arm. "Depend upon it, my nephew would no more wish to marry upon an incompetence than I should. Remember, he is not the man to endure privation except for his own amusement."

He spoke so expressively, blinking his little grey eyes, that the girl looked up curiously, wondering whether he could mean anything. All the evening she had been sitting there in her white gown, feeling like a shade, a thing of no account among all this living people, a blank in the closely written page, a dumb note in the music. A sort of longing had come over her to be alive, to make music too; and now to be warned even, to be acting a part ever so small in this midsummer night's dream, was enough to thrill her sad little childish heart with excitement. Could he be warning her? Then it came like a flash, and her heart began to beat faster and faster. There was something possible after all besides governing and lesson-books in her dull life, something to beware of, to give interest, even the interest of danger to the monotonous road. To be

scorned did not seem to her so unutterably sad as to be utterly passed by and ignored. Charles Butler never guessed the harm he had done.

It was not the Miss George who had dressed herself in her yellowed muslin who went upstairs to bed that night. It was another Catherine George. The little moth had burst out of its cocoon, the wings had grown, and it was fluttering and fluttering in the candle's beautiful golden light.

My simile would have been better if Catherine, the moth, had not herself blown out her candle when she reached her bedroom upstairs. She was hanging out of her window, trying to drink the night calm into her veins. "Is that bright beautiful planet my star I wonder?" the governess was thinking. "How gaily it sparkles; it seems to be dancing in space. How the night wanes and shines; how the stars blaze beyond the house-tops! Did any one ever tell me that was my star? Why do I think so?" As Catherine gazed at the heavens and thought all this, not in words, but with quick sensitive flashes—down below, just under her feet, the well was being dug into which the poor little philosopher was doomed to tumble. Ah me! was truth at the bottom of it, I wonder, instead of up overhead in the beautiful shining stars of good promise?

It seemed to little Catherine as if a burst of sunshine had come out suddenly into her dull life. She did not know whence or how it came; she did not know very clearly what she was feeling; she did not tell herself that she ought to shut her heart and ears and eyes, until some one suitable in fortune and worldly circumstances came across her way. She is only twenty years old, impressionable, soft-hearted. What can her girlish day-dreams have taught her? Can she have learned from them to mistrust people who are kind, to be careful and cautious and reserved—to wall up and bury the natural emotions of youth?

For the first time in her short life, ideas, feelings, sensations hitherto unthought and unfelt, came crowding upon Catherine George. Everything seemed changed, although she walked the same walks in the square—corrected the same mistakes in the children's exercises—sat in her old place in the schoolroom. The walls seemed to have opened somehow to let in the unfamiliar crowd of strange new ideas, of feelings impossible to realize or to define. The difference in Catherine was not greater than that which a passing cloud makes in the sky, or a burst of sunshine breaking across the landscape. Out of the vague images and shadows which had hitherto made up her solitary life, came a sudden reality. The drifting dreams and fancies of what might be, had vanished for ever; they were gone, and in their stead it was to-day; and Catherine, as she was—no ideal self to be—who was sitting there, and who had awakened one morning to find herself living her own life in the world of the present. Other discoveries she might make as she travelled farther; and times might come to her, as to most of us, when solemn visions close round about once more, and we realize with terrible distinctness that we are only dreaming in a kingdom of mists and shadows—a kingdom where the sounds die into silence—where the suns set day by day. But at this

time everything was real and keen enough to the poor little thing, of vast meaning and moment—never to finish, she thought—never to seem of import less vital—never, ah, never!

CHAPTER V.

WHAT CATHERINE WISHED FOR.

FATE, which for some time past seemed to have strangely overlooked the thread of Catherine George's existence, now suddenly began to spin it somewhat faster, and to tie a few knots in the loose little string. For one thing, Madame de Tracy's thread flew so fast, that it was apt to entangle itself with others alongside, and it would set all those round about flying with the vibrations of its rapid progress.

Dick was a great deal in Eaton Square at this time, more than he had ever been before. The house was not generally so pleasant, as it was just then; Madame de Tracy was there bustling about and enjoying herself, and making a great talk and life and stir. Charles Butler, too, was in town, and often with his sister, and Dick was unaffectedly fond of his uncle's society. Everybody used to scold the young painter when he appeared day by day, for leaving his work; but all the same they would not let him go back to it, once he was with them.

"I ought to go," Dick would say, as he remained to take his pleasure, and Catherine coming down demurely at the end of the little procession, never knew who she might find down below. One great triumph Richard had to announce. He had sold his picture, and got a good price for it; although he hesitated, to the dealer's surprise, when it came to parting with his beloved fishwife. He had also received an order for the "Country-cart," as soon as it should be finished, and once again he said at luncheon—

"Miss George, I *wish* you would let me put you into my cart."

Some shy impulse made her refuse—she saw Mrs. Butler looking prim and severe, and Madame de Tracy unconsciously shaking her head. It seemed very hard. Catherine nearly cried afterwards, when she woke up in the night and wondered whether Richard had thought her ungrateful. What could he think after all his kindness? why had she been so shy and foolishly reserved? . . . "No, Lydia, it was William the Conqueror who came over in 1066, not Julius Cæsar."

Meanwhile Richard the Conqueror, Butler Cæsar, went about his business and his pleasure with feelings quite unwounded by anything Catherine could do or say; when she saw him again, he had forgotten all about her refusal, and to her delight and surprise his manner was quite unchanged and as kind as ever. What trifles she pondered over and treasured up! It was like the old German stories of twigs and dried leaves carefully counted and put away in the place of gold pieces—chance encounters—absurdities—she did not know what she was about.

Madame de Tracy, who never let go an idea, or who let it go a hundred times to return to it again and again at stray intervals, shook her head at all these chance meetings. Her departure was approaching—her vigilance would be removed—she could not bear to think of what might not happen in her absence, and she had spoken to Mrs. Butler of a scheme for appealing to Dick's own better feelings.

"My dear Matilda ! I entreat you to do nothing of the sort. Dick can bear no remonstrance," Mrs. Butler cried. "I will see that all is right, and, if needs be, Miss George must go. I have a most tempting account of this German governess. Charles told me to bring Miss George to his picnic on Friday, but I think it will be as well that she should not be of the party."

Poor unconscious little Catherine ! She would have died of horror, I think, if she had guessed how quietly the secrets of her heart were discussed by unsympathetic bystanders, as she went on her way, singing her song without words. It was a foolish song, perhaps, about silly things ; but the voice that sang it was clear and sweet, and true.

Charles Butler, the giver of the proposed entertainment, was one of those instances of waste of good material which are so often to be met with in the world : a tender-hearted man with few people to love him, living alone, with no nearer ties than other people's children ; a man of ability who had never done anything except attend to the commonplaces of life : and these were always better arranged and controlled at Lambswold than anywhere else, for he knew what should be done and how to make other people do it, and perhaps gave an attention and effort to small things which should have gone elsewhere. It was a kindly spirit in a wrinkled, ugly, cranky old body. Charles Butler's hook nose and protruding teeth and fierce eyebrows, his contradictoriness and harsh little laugh, were crimes of nature, so to speak, for they frightened away women and children and timid people. They had frightened Charles Butler himself into mistrusting his own powers, into believing that there was something about him which must inevitably repel ; they had destroyed his life, his best chance for happiness. He was a diffident man ; for years he had doubted and hesitated and waited ; waited for this sad lonely aching old age which had come upon him now. His little nephews and nieces, however, had learnt not to be afraid of him on a certain day in the year when it was his custom to ask them all down for the day to Lambswold in honour of his god-daughter Augusta's birthday. They often stayed there at other times, but this one day was the happiest of all, they thought. It came in midsummer with a thrill of sweetness in the air, with the song of the thrush, when the strawberry-heads were hanging full and crimson, when all the roses were flushing. Little Sarah used to say she thought Lambswold was a pink place.

It was an old-fashioned country-house, standing in the hollow of two hills, with a great slope in front and a wide plenteous world of wheat-fields, farmsteads, and straggling nut-woods to gaze at from the dining-room

windows and the terrace. There were rising green meads on either side, and at the back of it kitchen-gardens, fruit-walls, and greenhouses and farm-buildings, all in excellent order and admirably kept.

"Oh, Miss George, how sorry you must be not to come," Algy would say.

"Yes, I am very sorry," Catherine honestly answered in her child's voice; for she had not yet outgrown the golden age when all things call and beckon, and the apples and the loaves and the cakes cry, Come eat us, come eat us, and the children wandering in fairy-land reply, We come, we come. She loved cakes and apples and all good things still, and had not reached to the time when it is no penalty to be deprived of them. But she had to pay the price of her youth; and to those who are tied and bound down by circumstance, youth is often, indeed, only a blessing turned into a curse. It consumes with its own fire and tears with its own strength. And so when Catherine with a sinking heart heard them all talking over arrangements for spending a day in Paradise with the angels—so it seemed to her—and not one word was spoken to include her in the scheme; when she guessed that she was only to be left in the schoolroom, which represented all her enjoyment, all her hopes, her beginning and ending—then a great wave of disappointment and wishing and regretting seemed to overflow and to choke the poor little instructress of youth, the superior mind whose business in life it was to direct others and to lead the way to the calm researches of science, instead of longing childishly for the strawberries of life. But there were strawberries ripening for Catherine.

One afternoon she was with the children, crossing the road to the house; they were carrying camp-stools, work, reels, scissors, the *Heir of Redclyffe*, covered in brown paper, for reading aloud; the *Boy's Own Magazine*, *Peter Parley*, *A Squib*; Sandy, tightly clasped round the neck by Algy; a rug and various other means for passing an hour: when suddenly Catherine's eyes began to brighten as they had a trick of doing, Sandy made a gasping attempt at a bark, and little Sarah rushing forward, embraced a young gentleman affectionately round the waist. He was standing on the side of the pavement, and laughing and saying,—“Do you always walk out with all this luggage?”

“We have only a very few things,” said little Sarah. “Are you coming to our house? Oh, Richard, is it arranged about the picnic?”

“The carriage has not come back yet, there's nobody at home. Oh, Dick, do wait and have tea with us,” cried Lydia.

“I think you might as well,” Augusta said, in an aggrieved tone,—“but I suppose you won't, because we are children.”

“Oh, do, do, do, do, do,” said Algy, hopping about with poor Sandy, still choking, for a partner.

“I want to see my aunt and settle about Lambswold,” said Richard, walking along with Miss George. “I think we shall have a fine day.”

“I hope you will,” Catherine answered.

“You are coming, of course?” said Dick, following them upstairs into the schoolroom.

"I am going to see my sisters," said Catherine, blushing up. She took off her bonnet as she spoke, and pushed back her black cloud of hair.

Richard thought Catherine looked much prettier, when she went upstairs, blushing still and confused, with dishevelled locks, than when she came down all neatly smoothed and trimmed a few minutes after, and sat down demurely at the tea-caddy.

Outside she may have looked prim and demure,—inside she was happier than any of the children, as she sat there with her radiant down-cast eyes reflected on the teapot. Never was a guest more welcome, and more made of, than Richard at his little cousins' tea-table. He was to be waited on by them all at once; he was to have the arm-chair; he was to choose his favourite cup. He chose Algy's little old mug, to the children's screams of laughter.

"I think I shall make this my dinner," said Dick. "A slice and a half of thick bread-and-butter will be about enough—I don't want to be ungrateful for hospitality, but pray, why is it cut so very thick?"

"Don't you like it?" said Lydia, anxiously. "I will go and beg Mrs. Bluestring for a small piece of cake for you."

Augusta and Miss George began to laugh, Dick said he was not accustomed to cake, and insisted upon eating his thick bread-and-butter. The children despatched theirs, and chattered and enjoyed his jokes, and so did the little governess at her tea-tray. The coachmen were, as usual, pumping in the court.

Again came the sunshine streaming through the window. Dick's hair was all brushed up, and his grey eyes were twinkling. The children's high spirits and delight were infectious; all Miss George's primness, too, seemed to have melted away; pretty little looks of expression of interest, of happiness, were coming and going in her round face. One of the golden half hours which are flying about all over the world had come to them. They had done nothing to deserve it, but it was there.

Catherine was still presiding at her little feast, when the carriage came home with Charles Butler and the two elder ladies, who were surprised to hear unusual shouts of laughter coming from the schoolroom.

"They all seem very merry," said Mrs. Butler, stopping with her hand on the lock.

"I am certain I heard Richard's voice," said Madame de Tracy, to Charles, who was toiling up more slowly, and as Mrs. Butler opened the door, to one person within it seemed as if all the fun and the merriment, all the laughter and brightness, escaped with a rush, and left the room quite empty.

"Oh, mamma," said Lydia, sighing from contentment, "we have had such fun, Dick has been having tea with us out of Algy's old mug."

"So I perceive," said Madame de Tracy, with a glance at Catherine.

"Come in, come in," cried the children, hospitably, "do come in too."

"I think you may come upstairs to us," said their mother, after

a moment's hesitation, "for our tea is ready in the drawing-room." And then somehow to Catherine,—it was like a dream—all the gay little figures disappeared, dancing off, chattering and talking still, with Sandy barking after them. The sunset was still shining in, but the beautiful glowing colours had changed to glare. Dick had risen from his place, when the two aunts entered, and he seemed to vanish away quite naturally with the rest. It was, indeed, like waking up from a happy little dream of friends' faces and brightness, and with the music of beloved voices still ringing in one's ears, to find oneself alone in the dark.

Catherine remained sitting at the tea-table with the scraps and dregs, the crumbled bits of bread. Algy's half-eaten slice,—Lydia's cup overturned before her. She sat quite still, no one had noticed her, even Dick had gone off without saying good-by. As on that day at the studio, a swift pang came piercing through her. She felt all alone—suddenly quite alone—in a great cruel terrible world in which she was of no account, in which she was carried along against her will, feeling—oh, so strangely—helpless and impotent. She did not know what she wanted, she did not know what she feared, but she shrunk from her own self with an aching impatience.

She jumped up and ran to the window to shake her new terror off. She looked down into the yard, where the hard-working coachman was pumping still, and a couple of dogs were turning over and over in play. Everything was ugly, sad, desolate, that had been so gay and delightful a minute before. Utterly depressed and bewildered, the poor little thing sat down on the window-sill, and leant her weary head against the pane. Richard Butler, coming down a few minutes later, saw her through the half-open door still sitting there, a dark little figure against the light.

"Good-night, Miss George," he said, with a kind inflexion in his voice, coming in and shaking her by the hand; "and thank you for your good tea." And then he went away.

He had spoken kindly; he had said something—nothing; but it was more than enough to make her happy again. As for Richard himself, he was vexed, chafed, disquieted. He had had a little talk with his aunts upstairs, which had made him indignant and angry. They had taken him to task gently enough; but all that they said jarred upon him, and stirred up secret springs of which they had no conception. He could hardly conceal his irritation as the two went on, blandly pouring out their advice from either side of the tea-table, when he asked whether Miss George was not to be of the party.

"No; I had not thought of inviting Miss George," said Mrs. Butler stiffly. "It is always doubtful in these cases . . ."

"Not to speak of the danger of mixin' the different grades of society," said Hervey, who was present, cross-legged, and looking like the Solomon who was to decide all difficulties.

"Danger," said Richard; "what possible danger can there be?"

"You had better bring her," grunted Charles. "She has got a pair

of uncommon bright eyes; and I suppose there are strawberries enough for us all?"

"Or we might take down a pottle on purpose for Miss George of an inferior quality," Richard said. "I do think it is hard lines that a nice little pretty thing like that should be shut up from morning to night in a dreary little hole of a sch——"

Mrs. Butler, with a glance at Lydia, who was standing by, absorbed in the conversation, hastened to interpose.

"She is quite admirable and excellent in her own way (children, go into the back drawing-room); but, my dear Richard, there is nothing more undesirable than putting people into false positions. . . . The person of whom you speak is not *de notre classe*, and it would be but mistaken kindness."

"Precisely so," said Hervey, much pleased with the expression, "Miss George is not *de notre classe*."

"Confound *notre classe*," said Richard, hastily.

"Don't be blasphemous, Dick," said his uncle Charles.

And then, remembering that this was not the way to speak in such company, the young man stopped short, and begged Mrs. Butler's pardon.

She was pouring out small black-looking cups of tea, and looking offended with a turned-down mouth; and, indeed, the maternal autocrat was not used to such plain-talking.

"It seems to me, Richard, that you are scarcely the person to provide amusement for Miss George," she said.

"Ah, Dick," cried Madame de Tracy, giving a little shriek and forgetting her prudence; she could keep silence no longer. "Be careful, my dearest boy; do not let yourself be carried away by your feelings. I guessed—I am rapid to notice things—I have trembled ever since that day at the studio." She looked so anxious and so concerned between her frizzy curls that Dick burst out laughing.

"So this is your fine scheme? No, you have not guessed right, aunt Matilda. Poor little Miss George is not dangerous for me, but I cannot help losing my temper when I hear persons of sense using the wicked old commonplaces which have made so many people miserable, and which condemn a poor child to such a dreary, unsatisfactory mockery of existence. There, she is just as well-mannered and pretty as Georgie or Catherine; and I am not to eat a piece of bread-and-butter in her company for fear of being contaminated," cried Dick in a fume.

"Ah, my poor Dick," said Madame de Tracy, "you are unconscious, perhaps, of the sentiment; but I fear it is there."

"I am speaking from no personal feeling," cried Dick, still angry; and to Madame de Tracy at least his words carried conviction at the time. (But was it so, I wonder; and had Miss George's soft, pretty eyes nothing to do with the question?) "It is a mere sense of fairness and justice," Dick went on, "which would make me dislike to see any fellow-creature hardly used; and if I have spoken half-a-dozen words of kindness to her,

it was because It is no use staying any longer, I shall only offend more and more. Good-night." And then he suddenly took up his hat and went away. On his way downstairs, he relieved his mind by being even more kind than usual to a person whom he considered unjustly treated by the world in general and his aunts in particular.

Women usually respect a man when he is angry, even when he is in the wrong, and Richard was not in the wrong. "I think for once I was mistaken," said Madame de Tracy; "and yet people are not always conscious of their own feelings. But, under the circumstances, we must take Miss George, or Dick will fancy . . ."

"Oh, certainly, if you all wish it," said Mrs. Butler. "Will you have any more tea, Matilda? Now, children, what are you all about? You may go and ask Miss George to the picnic; and then come up and help me to dress."

Meanwhile Richard was walking away, biting and pulling his moustache. He went along Eaton Square until he came to the public-house at the corner of Hobart Place. There he was stopped by a crowd of children and idlers who had taken up their position on the pavement, for Mr. Punch was squeaking at the top of his voice from his pulpit, and they had all gathered round to listen to his morality. The children had already taken up their places in the stalls and were sitting in a row on the curb-stone. "Ookedookedookedoo," said Mr. Punch, "where's the babby? Throw the babby out of window."

"Dook! dere it go," cried another baby, sitting in the gutter and clapping its dirty little hands.

Richard stopped for a minute to look at Punch's antics: going on with his reflections meanwhile. It seemed to him as if the world, as it is called, was a great cruel Punch, remorselessly throwing babies and children out of window, and Miss George among the rest, while the people looked on and applauded, and Toby the philosopher sat by quite indifferent in his frill collar.

"That poor little thing," he was thinking, "her wistful, helpless glances move me with pity; was there ever a more innocent little scapegoat? Oh, those women! their talk and their assumption and suspicions make me so angry I can scarcely contain myself. *De notre classe*," and he began to laugh again, while Punch, capering and singing his song of "ookedook," was triumphantly beating the policeman about the head. "Would they think *Reine de notre classe*, I wonder?" Dick said to himself; "will it be her turn some day to be discussed and snubbed and patronized? My poor noble *Reine*"—and Richard seemed to see her pass before him, with her eager face—"is there one of them to compare to her among the dolls and lay figures *de notre classe*?" He walked on, Punch's shrieks were following him, and ringing in his ears with the children's laughter. As he went along, the thought of *Reine* returned to him again and again, as it had done that day he walked along the sands to Tracy; again and again he was wondering what she was doing: was she in her farm superintending,

was she gone on one of her many journeys along the straight and dusty roads, was she spinning flax perhaps at the open door, or reading by the dying daylight out of one of her mother's old brown books? . . . A distant echo of Punch's weird "ookedookedoo" reached him like a warning as he walked away.

The day at Lambswold was a great success the children thought. It was about twelve o'clock, when the shadows were shortest and the birds most silent, that the drag and the fly from the station came driving up the steep and into the court. Charles Butler received them all at the door, shaking hands with each as they ascended the steps. Catherine and the children had come in the fly, and the others preceded them in the drag. The house had been silent for months, and now, one instant after the arrival, the voices were echoing in the hall, upstairs in the bedroom, the children were racing round and round, Sandy was scampering up and down. It was like one of Washington Irving's tales of the Alhambra, and of deserted halls suddenly re-peopled with the life of other days. There was a great array of muslins, and smart hats and feathers. Catherine, too, had unconsciously put out all her simple science to make herself look harmonious as it were, and in keeping with the holiday, with the summer parks, and the gardens full of flowers, with the fields through which they had been speeding, daisy-sprinkled, cool, and deeply shadowed, with cattle grazing in the sunshine; in keeping with the sky which was iridescent, azure, and gently fleeced; in keeping with her own youth and delight in its freshness. As Miss George came with her pupils, smiling, up the ancient flight of stone steps leading to the house, Charles Butler was pleased with the bright happy face he was looking down upon. It is only older people, after all, who are quite unselfish and feel the greatest pleasure in witnessing the happiness of others.

"I am very glad to see you here," he said, shaking hands with her courteously.

Mrs. Butler, who was in the hall, looked round surprised at the unusual urbanity. Catherine George herself was not surprised, she expected everybody to be kind to-day, everything to be delightful. The pretty figure came climbing the steps, with all the landscape for a background. The sun was shining through the flying folds of her muslin draperies, it was again reflected in the burning feather in her hat. The lights shone from the dark eyes in anticipation of the happiness which was already hers. What did not she expect?—for the minute, anything, everything. Like many of us, she thought happiness was yet to come, and behold, the guest was here beside her. Happiness is but a shy goddess, as we all know; she comes bashfully into the room, all the hearts suddenly leap and the eyes begin to brighten, but she is very apt to fly if we rush forward to embrace her. "How remarkably well Miss George is looking," said Beamish, to his future mother-in-law.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Butler, "remarkably well."

Criminal Women.

EDUCATION, whether we use the word in its narrowest or widest sense, whether we confine it to tuition or comprehend by it "every preparation that is made in our youth for the sequel of our lives," appears to exercise a most powerful influence on woman—a more powerful influence than might at first sight be supposed. To it she owes all that is valuable in her character; without it her wifely and maternal qualifications are of a very low order. It cannot be without significance that our criminal women are all uneducated, untrained women. An educated man in the felon's dock is not an uncommon sight; an educated woman in such a position is rarely seen. The prison cells present to our view men of intellectual attainments: men trained in a healthy home atmosphere; men, the keenest point of whose punishment is the memory of the advantages they have made light of, the opportunities they have lost, the friends they have disgraced. On the other hand, if we inspected all the borough and convict prisons in England and Wales, we should not find a sufficient number of educated women to warrant us to challenge the assertion that, as a rule, educated women are not known in prison.

While we give the full value to the extenuating plea that man, as the bread-winner, is exposed to temptations from which the majority of women are exempt, we feel inclined to say that he makes a less certain return for education than woman. Woman may be said to give cent. per cent. If it were necessary that one or the other should dispense with education, man could better afford to do it than woman—better afford to trust to his native strength to find means to supply the deficiencies, to remedy the evils of early bad associations. Woman not only receives impressions more easily, but retains them more tenaciously than man. The limited sphere of her action prevents her from casting out old ideas, and acquiring in their place new ones. Occasionally we hear of self-made, of self-educated men—of men who have overcome the disadvantages of their early surroundings, rarely of women who have accomplished the feat. For the most part these remain in the position into which they were born, or at least in which they were suffered to grow up to maturity.

Again, it is notorious that a bad man—we mean one whose evil training has led him into crime—is not so vile as a bad woman. If we take a man and woman guilty of a similar offence in the eye of the law, we shall invariably find that there is more hope of influencing

the former than the latter. Equally criminal in one sense, in another sense there is a difference. The man's nature may be said to be hardened, the woman's *destroyed*. Women of this stamp are generally so bold and unblushing in crime, so indifferent to right and wrong, so lost to all sense of shame, so destitute of the instincts of womanhood, that they may be more justly compared to wild beasts than to women. To say the least, the honour of womanhood requires that a new appellation be invented for them.

From observation and memoranda made during a period extending over several years, we are enabled to make a few remarks on the habits and antecedents of criminal women. It seems to us that one of the best ways of proving what education and training do for women, is to show what they are without it.

Criminal women, as a class, are below ordinarily respectable domestic servants. From the lower class of domestic servants downwards they are found. Only a few can read, fewer still can write. None, so far as we have seen, can spell: they have been deprived of all those educational processes which a well-ordered, an honest and cleanly home supplies. They have had no training except in evil.

But let us go into details. It may be painful to expose one of the sores of the body politic, yet the process is salutary. In exposure lies a chance of remedy—partial, if not entire. To many of our readers the study will be a new one. It refers to the stratum of society unexplored for the most part by the moral geologist. A superficial knowledge of it produces a feeling of intense disgust; a thorough acquaintance with the subject generally creates a desire to do something towards effecting a cure.

Criminal women, as a class, are found to be more uncivilized than the savage, more degraded than the slave, less true to all natural and womanly instincts than the untutored squaw of a North American Indian tribe. Let us look at their habits first—at their antecedents last: this was the order of the writer's experience.

From the mass of evil habits that these women have accumulated, it is not easy to select illustrations that shall convey a vivid impression to the reader's mind. As a class they are guilty of lying, theft, unchastity, drunkenness, slovenliness. To finish the picture, it may be added, they are so ignorant, so obtuse, that instruction—oral instruction—might as well be given in an unknown tongue, so little do they understand it. Lying may be said to be their native language. They are shrewd enough to take a rapid mental survey of the person who addresses them. In a moment they can distinguish a tyro at the work, and to such an one they pour forth a volley of complaints to excite pity. And not only with a beginner, but with what must be termed a credulous mind, this is their plan of action. They will invent the most extraordinary falsehoods, give names and dates, and abundance of what seems corroborative testimony. It is

only when you follow up the case, write letters, &c. on their behalf, that the truth oozes out. The address is false, the whole story is false. We can call to mind a woman who kept up a deception for seven months. She was visited once a week, and therefore reiterated her assertions about thirty times. She told her tale well, and but for herself it would have passed muster. At the end of the seven months she gave up. Missing her face on a visiting day, we inquired the cause of her absence, and were answered by an official,—

“Oh! A. B. She is put into the laundry. She begged me to give her some scrubbing, or washing, or anything that would prevent your seeing her. She said she had been telling you a string of falsehoods all along, and that she was tired of it. She did not wish to reform and she might as well tell you so.”

This woman, instead of being the injured individual she had made out, was an adept at theft, and paid five shillings a week to a person to take care of her child, in order that she might get rid of it and the better follow her nefarious trade.

There is no need to multiply instances on this point. It may be taken for granted that such women will deceive in every possible way, not only when they suppose their interest requires falsehood, but from the pleasure of misleading the questioner. And their tongues are not more accustomed to lying than their fingers to theft. These two vices are practised from earliest youth, and so powerful is habit that reform in these particulars is very rare. They look upon thieving as an art worthy of deep study, and pride themselves on their dexterity. A woman said when urged to give it up, “Of course what you say is right, but I am so clever at it. Every time you come near me I can see how to take something, *only I wouldn't, of course.*” Here and there you meet with expressions of regret and desire to amend. In some cases this is downright hypocrisy, in others it is a momentary impulse towards reformation—only momentary, as in forty-nine cases out of fifty, so soon as the opportunity of thieving returns it is embraced. As a rule they have no hesitation about stealing from those who have befriended them. He who helps them is not safer from their depredations than he who scorns them. Conscience has not a spark of life here.

One instance comes to the memory in which a woman who stole calico from her employer—she was a slop-worker—without compunction, hesitated to use her plunder for her mother's corpse. She said in rather a lofty tone, “I may crib for common things, but I wouldn't bury my mother in a crib. I saved up a shilling to buy her a gown for her coffin.” Her scruples were rather the result of superstition than of conscience. She probably apprehended some dire punishment if she shrouded the corpse in her ill-gotten gains.

That such women should lead unchaste lives is not surprising. It would be almost as absurd to expect a blind man to have a clear con-

ception of light, as to expect purity from females of this description, and this will be more evident still when we come to their antecedents.

Drunkenness, too, follows as a natural consequence. All, or nearly all, are drunkards. Old, middle-aged, and young, their habits require stimulants. Without dram-drinking they could hardly go through their career. One fact we have noticed with regard to this habit which may be worth the attention of philanthropists. The victims groan under it. An address on drunkenness invariably moves them to tears. They know well what the habit has done for them, and they know equally well that it is like a long and heavy chain around them, that it binds them fast; and that reason as they will when gin is not within reach, they will take the cup directly they can get it.

Many a female hawker under twenty-one has confessed that she is "muddled" every night—mostly drunk; and has excused herself by saying that standing about the streets in all weathers is such miserable work, that she finds it impossible to refuse the many offers she has in the course of the day "to take a drop." Others again excuse themselves by the dreadful craving which follows upon each act of indulgence. Excessive drinking, as is well known, destroys the taste for wholesome food, where it can be procured. "More, more," is the drunkard's cry, and nothing but "more" gives her a temporary satisfaction.

A word on slovenliness. If the reader will take a walk through some of the by-streets of London, he will see slovenliness exemplified, as regards the class of whom we write, in those awfully wretched-looking creatures that lounge about or squat down at the entrance of the courts with dirty faces, hair uncombed, a kerchief tied over the half-exposed bosom. Dozens of such he may see any day, their very countenances looking something less than human. When a woman gets to be utterly careless as to personal appearance—personal cleanliness—you may be sure that she is careful for nothing else that is good. For this reason we may afford a little pity to those refractory paupers who tear up their clothes. Those who have seen the shreds of their garments have ceased to wonder at the deed. No pen could adequately describe their foulness. After wearing them for months and months, their not very sensitive perceptions take alarm, and they make a summary end of them. "Why did you tear up your clothes?" has been asked, and the answer was, "I got so miserable I couldn't bide them any longer. I knew I couldn't earn enough to buy new ones. I don't mind going to gaol for it. I shall get something to cover me somehow, and anything is better than what I have destroyed."

Of course these women are grossly ignorant—ignorant of what is mere A B C to a child brought up in a National School, and altogether incapable of instruction, apparently. They seem unable to make a mental effort—(the cunning we spoke of, be it remembered, is common to the lower order of animals)—to grasp a single truth in morals or religion. We

remember to have asked a woman if she had ever heard of the Saviour: her only reply was a vacant stare. The question was repeated. Presently she answered, "I beg your pardon; I'm not a larned woman." "Do you mean to say that you have lived all these years and never heard of Jesus Christ?" "Oh! Jesus Christ, Yes—oh, yes; I have heard of him." Her manner indicated pretty clearly that one name had as much significance to her as the other. Such women are not of course, as a rule, ignorant of the Saviour's *name*. It may be doubted, however, if they understand a word of teaching by parable. Take the parable of the Prodigal Son—explain it clearly, as you think, and then ask them what you have been talking about. Either there will be no answer, or they will answer in a way which shows that they have only a literal understanding of what they have heard. The last time the writer tried this plan the answer was, "You have been talking about killing a calf and making a good supper." Again, "What do you understand by the Good Shepherd?" A pause. "You don't, perhaps, know who the Good Shepherd is?" "Oh, yes, I do. I have seen him driving the sheep to market in the streets over and over again." A woman who had been taught to read, and could learn an easy hymn, said that by the term "Lamb of God," she supposed a sheep was meant. All attempts to teach them should be in the plainest language; ordinary methods of tuition fail altogether. A simple truth contained in a short sentence, and this repeated several times, till you can get them to give some sign of comprehension, appears the only way of getting anything into their minds.

So far then an attempt has been made to give a sketch of the habits of the lowest class of women in London, of a class, be it observed, lower than the ordinary poor with whom most householders come more or less in contact. Many individuals of this latter class may be put into the former, and in proportion as they are untrained, and suffered to follow their own devices, irrespective of good parental example or control.

Sick at heart at the contemplation of the habits of these unhappy creatures—convinced that the majority of them are irreclaimable, the writer set to work to learn their antecedents, with the hope of finding the root of the evil—of learning whether there were any possibility of taking the disease in an early and preventible stage. How came these women to be in this state in a rich, active, and Christian country? How is it that we have a class of women amongst us who poison the springs of their home life—who bring forth children to follow in their steps—whose influence helps so largely to degrade our streets, to fill our gaols, and whose cost, consequently, to the country is considerable?

The broad answer is—they are totally uneducated. They were *born into this state*. They have been suffered to *grow up* in it; and the habits and customs of years have rendered them indifferent to, or rather unconscious of, the foulness of their lives and surroundings. Indeed, it is

difficult to blame them for what is a law of nature—cause and effect. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" "Can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit?"

Let us for a moment try to realize the facts of the case. Let us in mental vision transport ourselves to the scene of their birth and early days. A female infant, the offspring of depraved and diseased parents, comes into the world. With its mother's milk it imbibes the poison that results from dram-drinking, occasionally raw spirits are forced into its mouth to still its cries of pain, or to keep it quiet, so that the mother can move about or leave it untended with more freedom. The little body is not only never invigorated with a bath, but scarcely knows the health-giving touch of cold water. If there were nothing else to say, this fact would account for much of what has been alleged to be the habits of the adult. Just fancy what it would be to ourselves to have no access to cold water. Imagine for a moment, how we should feel after a week's deprivation of it; and what must be the effect upon the body of a tender infant when it is obliged to wear foul clothes week by week, and to breathe foul air day and night? We are beings of a complex nature: soul and body are so intimately connected, that to hurt the one is often to injure the other; and this want of cleanliness is the first deadening effect upon the child.

So soon as it has any perceptions, any power of reasoning, its eyes rest upon that which unsexes it—father, mother, sisters, brothers sleeping in one room. Its ears are accustomed to profane, obscene, violent language. The human voice—that wonderful power for good as well as evil—is rarely heard by it except in lying, bullying, or swearing. A pleasant word is hardly known to such a child. Child we say, but this infant has no childhood, no hours of innocent mirth and healthful play. Almost as soon as it can run about it is set in the streets to beg—to say nothing of the time when the mother hawks it about in her arms—to sell matches and to sweep crossings. Let it be noted here that the indiscriminate bestowal of pence on such young beggars perpetuates the evil. A cripple or an old man at a crossing may properly be relieved, but no one who ought to be *working* for a livelihood. From infancy to girlhood, from girlhood to womanhood, our tale is the same. All the amenities of home life are wanting, all social decencies, all moral influence, all religious training. There is never a time in the early or later life of such a being—until evil has become rampant—when she is urged to be honest and chaste. The parochial and national school may be within a stone's throw, but their shelter and benefits are despised—set at naught by the examples of neighbourhood which the denizens of the alleys and courts afford. Of maternal love such a creature can know but little,—not enough to bear comparison with that which is bestowed upon the offspring of the lower animals. The mother of these latter will do her best to shield her young from harm:

the depraved mother knowingly places her daughter in the way of temptation. She urges evil upon her by inciting her to put her hands upon every thing she can get hold of, by receiving what is thus pilfered. In short, she has no hesitation in doing by her child what her own mother did by her : she will sell her, body and soul, for food and drink !

It may be worth noticing that mothers of a better class, mothers who have had some approach to a decent home, however poor, are always anxious to save their children from the evil ways they themselves have fallen into. We have seen the most hardened start and shudder when the question has been asked,—“Are you going to bring your children up in the way you live ?” A woman of this class, one remove from the worst, spoke of her child in the most anxious words. He was almost like an angel, she said. He had never been naughty, never spoken a bad word, never been disobedient : “I would give anything to get him into a respectable place.” To explain this it may be added that he had only rarely been with his mother—the widow of a small publican. After the husband’s death—who was anything but respectable—she leagued with sharpers, and found herself continually in prison : consequently, the child, now eleven years of age, was thrown upon the parish, and was brought up in a workhouse school, and the mother had very little to do with him. When he was with her she could see his good qualities—could appreciate them, and strongly desired that he might be kept in the right path.

But a word or two more must be said of our example, and the history of one is the history of hundreds. Before other girls have the first blush of womanhood on their cheeks, she is acquainted with every phase of vice. She generally follows the business of a hawker ; occasionally turns to slop-work, but, as a rule, she hates the needle. As a hawker her temptations are great. Exposed to every change of weather, to the summer’s heat and winter’s cold, to the jeers and jokes of the unthinking and evilly-disposed of the opposite sex, with no home to retire to, after the wear and tear of the day, with the risk of having fruit or cakes spoilt by sun and rain, is it any wonder, considering her antecedents, that she finishes the day by drunkenness and prostitution ?—that, as quoted above, she goes to bed—no, not to bed, for that is an unknown luxury—to sleep, at best “muddled ?” By-and-by she marries, or dispenses with the marriage ceremony : any way she gives birth to children who go the same awful round as herself. Do not their antecedents fully account for the habits of these wretched women ? If “the soul, like nature, has no vacuum,” does it not necessarily follow that the mind which has been deprived of all good training will be filled with evil ? If “the human soul, without education, is like marble in a quarry”—hard, rough, full of imperfections ; if education—and we mean, of course, spiritual and moral influence,—can shape it into worth by removing its specks and spots, by developing

its natural properties, whose fault is it that generation after generation of wild, untamed, unwoman-like women live and die in a worse than heathen state?

If it is inevitable that the adults of this class choose their own way, can no means be devised to rescue the young? The Archbishop of Dublin, speaking of the once neglected Connemara district, wrote as follows to *The Times*:—"Then too, the young people—the *girls* above all—trained up in habits of order, decency, and self-respect; carefully instructed, as in the orphanages they are, in all household and domestic work, cannot fail to be, evidently are, a potent leaven in society—and one which is everywhere making itself felt." A leaven for good! The unhappy girls, worse than orphans, we have attempted to describe, are evidently a potent leaven for evil! From them spring bad sons, bad husbands; indeed, who shall put a limit to their evil influence? Who shall put a limit to a woman's influence? Its potency is acknowledged theoretically. Poets have sung of it from the earliest times; it has not only inspired the pen but influenced the sword; but when the subject is alluded to, we generally have in the mind's eye *good women*—women of heroic mould, women who are strong to suffer, to submit, to serve; women who are capable of generous love and patient endurance. Rarely do we think of the influence of evil women. This is the object of this paper: to give a faint notion of such influence, and to note the fact that education must be, to a great extent, an antidote, since the lowest class exhibits women uneducated in any sense of the word, and the other classes—and there are two or three grades amongst criminal women—do not show a woman who can read, write, and spell. One point seems evident, that the only way to help the young in this case is to remove them from their parents, whose baneful influence would destroy all the good done in a day-school could they be persuaded to send them to one. To this cause—home influence—may be attributed the relapse of so many of our parochial and national scholars. We can well recall a girl in the second year of her apprenticeship as pupil-teacher, who could, when she sat down to think, write her grammatical theme for the inspector creditably, and yet never advanced in conversation beyond, "you was," "he were." The spoken language of her home—her parents kept a huckster's shop—at that stage of her education was more powerful over the ear than her book knowledge. And by the same law the influence of a bad home destroys to a great extent the school leaven for good.

The great source of demoralization is the over-crowded dwelling-houses. This evil neutralizes the good effect of church and schools. So long as it is tolerated the worst class of women will exist. This over-crowding goes on to a fearful extent, as witness, amongst other instances, the room at Highgate, wherein twenty-three inmates were lately discovered. The female hawker, as we have seen, is born into this evil; and when she migrates from her home it does not cease. She pays fourpence a

night for the privilege of lying on the floor in a crowded room, where not even the square feet required by her rug is allowed, for she is ordered, in common with others, to place her head against the wall and incline her feet towards the centre, as by that means the room is made more commodious. When we see how important a woman's office is—how all society is leavened by her influence for good or ill—when we see how plentiful a return she gives for all educational efforts made on her behalf, we cannot but ask why more is not done. And this question is asked without the least intention of disparaging existing agencies for her reformation. For every effort, single or collective, there is just cause for thankfulness. Yet would it not be wiser to try to check the evil in an early stage, than to suffer it to grow to a monstrous proportion before we came forward with our assistance? There is room, of course, for both operations. While one is straining every nerve to rescue the fallen, another can be working might and main at the root of the evil. Each plan can have its own advocate. The writer's cry is, Get hold of the young. Legislate for the young. Make education to a certain extent compulsory; multiply industrial schools; train girls for service as you do boys for trades. It is a mistake to think good servants, like poets, are born, not made. An untrained servant, *i. e.* untrained either at an institution or under a good servant in a gentleman's house, or by a middle-class matron, is always a domestic nuisance, and not unfrequently gives up her place in disgust for a more questionable mode of life. When some effective means shall be devised to rescue the very young from their incorrigibly bad, degraded parents, the effect will be in that generation to decimate the ranks of criminal women. And if a parent ceases to act as a parent, her claims to her child may be taken up with a very good conscience. The next generation would be in an entirely different position. Reformatory efforts may get hold of a few, educational efforts would rescue the many. To any one interested in the subject the sentence at the beginning of this paper is repeated,—An educated woman is almost unknown in prison.

The Pearl Harvest.

THE question "What is a Pearl?" has been often asked, but has never been satisfactorily answered. Technical persons over and over again tell the public what they know already, namely, that the Pearl is a hard, white, smooth, shining substance, usually roundish in shape, found in a testaceous fish of the oyster kind. Poetic writers again speak of the Pearl as a lovely mystery, or as a beautiful molluscous secretion; whilst high-flown Oriental authors call it the globe of light, the hoar-frost of heaven, the moon of the waters, the dew of delight, &c.; but no writer or naturalist has settled what a pearl really is, how it is originally formed, or what it is formed from. It is not creditable to our progress in natural science that we are still unable to solve the mystery of the Pearl. We should at once endeavour to obtain an answer to the question, and also more reliable details than we have yet got as to the growth and habits of the animal which yields such an admirable gem; if, indeed, it be not too late to obtain the information, so far at any rate as the pearl-fisheries of Ceylon are concerned, for we have it from an authentic source that so lately as December last not a single oyster, old or young, was to be found on any of the banks near that Island of Jewels.

Much nonsense has, from first to last, been written about the Pearl, and many curious and extravagant notions have been advanced by both ancient and modern observers as to the Eastern mollusc and the formation of the gem which it holds in its pearly prison. Many of the Indian divers are under the impression that pearl-fishes descend from the clouds of heaven, and by all of the fisher-caste rain-water is thought to be an indispensable element in their formation. There is one old and rather poetic Eastern legend, or, as Sir Richard Hawkins calls it, old philosopher's conceit, which accounts for the production of the pearl by the fish rising every morning from its rocky bed at the bottom of the sea to the surface of the water, in order that it may open its shell and imbibe the dews of heaven. This dew-drop was said to fall upon the gaping animal, and then by the cunning of Nature became straight congealed into a pearl. This account of the gem's formation has been alluded to by the poet Moore, who says:—

And precious the tear as that rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.

The leading idea in most of the old conceits about the pearl-fish, is that the animal is endowed with the power of loosing itself from its moorings, and floating to the top of the water to bask in the rays of the

sun, which is one way of solving Sir Richard Hawkins' puzzle, as to how the dew necessary to the formation of the pearl obtained entrance into the shell. It is important for us to note this old idea of locomotion, because it has been revived of late years by those who have been inquiring into the natural history of the pearl-fish: who indeed go further than the old naturalists, and account for the empty shells now found on many of the banks, as also for the want of shells on some banks, by telling us that the mollusc can leave its house, and migrate from place to place, or that it can go away shell and all.

We must, however, get clear of the old ideas about the pearl and its shelly habitation, before we come to consider and discuss these modern discoveries as to the habits of this peculiar animal, or those mysterious visitations which, frequently occurring, sweep away the animal from its well-known haunts, and leave the banks for years at a stretch without a single shell. In remote ages, when currency was first given to the absurd ideas about the natural history of many animals that are still believed in by the ignorant people of the East—as that eels were formed out of the dew—it never seemed to be imagined that any animal was of itself reproductive. Some original and very roundabout way of accounting for the existence of every living thing, other than the real one, had to be discovered, and this accounts for our so often finding the pearl-yielding mollusc the subject of invention. One of the numerous stories regarding the origin of this shell-fish is still retailed by the Parawas, and is to the following effect:—In the rainy season the fresh-water brooks of the land that flow into the sea can be traced running into the salt water for many leagues without undergoing any immediate change, but after many days' exposure to the heat of the sun, this fresh water is changed into a frothy substance, which, ultimately dividing into small portions, becomes hardened, and then falls to the bottom of the sea—pearl oysters ready made. We are also told that the Indians, after smoothing the troubled waters by the old process of throwing oil on them, could dive down upon the pearl shells, induce the animals, by means of a tempting bait, to open their shells, and then, after pricking them with a fork, receive the liquor from the wound; the precious drop was then set away to rest in an iron vessel, till it hardened into a pearl.

Passing away from old legends and imaginative natural history, we may at once inform the reader that the pearl-bearing animal of the Eastern seas, although very like the edible oyster of English commerce, is not an oyster, but a hardy wing shell, with a byssus at its hinged portion, and known scientifically as *Melagrina Margaritifera*; in fact, the pearl oyster is a mussel. These pearl-bearing animals, like the edible mussel, multiply their kind by means of what is technically called spat. The pearl-mussel is very prolific in the years that it does give out its seed. There is great reason to believe it does not do so annually, but that it is a most prolific animal we know, as great quantities of its spawn are

frequently washed ashore. It would be interesting to learn how often the pearl-mussel yields a full spat. Our own edible oyster spats very irregularly. We have not had a very good spatting season since 1860, the previous very good fall having taken place in 1849. The spat on the French oyster-beds has also fallen very irregularly for some years, 1860 having been, as in England, the best year for a long time back. Some observers say that the spat of the pearl-oyster, after it is exuded, rises to the surface of the water, where it floats about for a period, and then sinks in search of a permanent resting-place. The same floating quality has been affirmed of the spat of the edible oyster; but Mr. Buckland, who is well versed in the natural history of that bivalve, says the spat does not rise, but floats about in mid-water till it becomes fixed to a stone or shell. There can be no doubt whatever that the spat floats about both in and on the water, for we have ourselves seen it on the surface of the sea at Cockenzie, near Edinburgh; and thus it becomes fixed occasionally to strange places, the bottoms of boats, the sides of floating timber, anchors, buoys, &c. As to the spat of the pearl-mussel, Mr. Donovan, the Master Attendant at Colombo, reports, in a recent letter,* that he lately (end of 1865) found about thirty young oysters (mussels), of the size of a shilling and larger, on an iron buoy placed on the twenty-foot rock in the roadstead there. The buoy had been in the water for about six months, and was brought on shore for the purpose of being cleaned, when the oysters were found adhering to it. If they first clung to it as spat, they must grow rapidly in these seas to attain to the size of a shilling in six months.

The pearl-mussel is said to be in its finest condition as a pearl-producer when it attains its seventh year; in fact, that year seems to be a culminating period for it. In mussels which live beyond that age, the pearl is found to deteriorate in value; but it is thought by those who have had good opportunities for observation, that the pearls of the seventh year are of double the value of those which are contained in six-year-old shells. As to the effect of accumulating age on the value of these gems, we have some authentic knowledge. The cholera morbus having broken out during the Ceylon fishery of 1829, the diving was brought to a premature termination; and in March of the following year, when diving was resumed, the pearl proved to be greatly increased in size, and the fishery yielded at least 15,000% above what was expected.

Pearls of any commercial value are not found in shells that are younger than four years; the young mussels, *i.e.* those of about four years old, have pearls of a yellow tinge, whilst the produce of the old oyster is of a pinky hue: but pearls are found of many hues, some of them being

* Kindly placed at the service of the writer by Mr. Stenart of Colpetty, formerly superintendent of pearl-fisheries at Ceylon.

red, others quite black. Tastes differ about the colour of pearls. The dealers of Bagdad prefer the round white pearl, whilst at Bombay those of yellow hue and perfect sphericity are preferred; others again choose their pearls of a rich pinky colour. It is a popular idea that the deeper the water the finer the pearl; but this, like many other popular ideas, is erroneous; the mussels, for instance, that are found on the banks at Arippe, are famed for their beauty, but the beds of shells there are not nearly so deep as some others that are found in the Indian seas. One observer says that the best pearls are found in five or six fathoms water.

Many reasons have been assigned for the present sudden falling-off in the fisheries, but the total cessation of this important industry is no new thing at Ceylon. The productive power of the pearl-fisheries at Manaar has more than once varied so considerably as to excite apprehensions of their becoming finally exhausted; indeed, it was generally found that after a good year or two's fishing, the supply began to fluctuate, and finally the fishing became altogether unproductive. From the year 1732 till 1746, there was no fishing at Ceylon worthy of being chronicled, and there was a long suspension, but not entirely for want of pearls, between the years 1768 and 1796, and again from 1820 to 1828, and also between the years 1837 and 1854, during which period the fishery for pearls in the Gulf of Manaar became a very profitless speculation, causing an annual outlay instead of any profit to the Government. Some of the reasons usually assigned on occasions of failure, are that unnatural currents sweep away the tender brood, or that the pearl animal is devoured by hordes of enemies, or that the mussel has removed to a new bank. Long ago, indeed, so far back as the eleventh century, it was said that the pearl-mussel found in the Gulf of Serendib had migrated to Sofala. There can be no doubt that there are many undiscovered pearl banks in the neighbourhood of Ceylon, because the spat of a bed often drifts away to some distance, and thus new beds are constantly being formed. This fact in part accounts for the long-continued success of the pearl fisheries of the Persian Gulf: new beds are ever and anon found. It is thought by those well versed in the economy of the fisheries, that many valuable banks are lying in the Indian Ocean, at depths beyond the power of the divers to explore.

The theory of the eleventh century, as to the migratory power of the pearl-mussel, was recently revived by the late Dr. Keelart, and others. Dr. Keelart declares he has found out, by close observation, that the pearl-mussel can leave its shell, and creep up the sides of a glass aquarium! He also found that this animal has the power of casting away its byssus, and forming a new one; and the inference drawn from this is, that the mussel can move about from place to place at its own will. If mussels can leave their shells and migrate to new banks—which I question, indeed deny—how about their dwelling-place? Do they find on arrival

at their destination, that new shells await their entrance, or do they form new ones? And does the naked mollusc carry its pearls with it, or leave them in its old house? And are pearl-mussels endowed with greater locomotive powers than the edible oyster, or the common bait mussel of our British seas? And have these animals any but the slightest power of locomotion? We are told by the best naturalists, and the present writer has ascertained by personal observation, that the first thing necessary for the infant oyster (the edible oyster is here meant,) is a holding-on place; if the spat where it falls does not obtain a "coigne of vantage" to adhere to, then it is lost for ever; it becomes a prey to numerous enemies, or it perishes among the mud, which substance is always fatal to it.

As to the powers of locomotion with which the pearl-fish is said to be endowed, I have over and over again, at Joppa, near Edinburgh, marked scores of the common edible mussels in order to find whether or not they were endowed with the power of moving from place to place, but, whatever they might do when they were hidden by a few feet of water, they were always found in their place when the ebb of the tide permitted me to examine the rocks; and, if any of them had moved when covered by the water, it must have been with great precision, for they lay on the sides of the stones as closely packed as the eggs in a cod roe, and when examined were always found on the exact spot on which they had been left. At the great mussel farm of the Bay of Aiguillon, mussels are bred on an artificial plan, that is to say, the foreshore being all mud and not affording any holding-on place, places have been made on which to grow the mussels from their most infantile stages till they are ripe for market; and they are never known to move off the substance on which they originally fixed. The spat of the pearl-mussel, we may be sure, requires the same conditions for its growth as the spat of the edible oyster or mussel; no matter whether it be growing in the Gulf of Manaar or on the coasts of Persia.

In a recent report on the pearl-fisheries of the Persian Gulf made by Colonel Pelly to the Government of Bombay, we learn that the best oyster-beds in the Persian seas are level, and formed of fine whitish sand overlaying the coral in clear water. Any mixture of mud or earthy substance with the sand is considered to be detrimental to the pearl-fish, as at home it is thought to be to the edible oyster, and such beds as have this defect are liable to exhaustion. As regards the fisheries of Ceylon, we are told that large quantities of the mussels are found clinging together, that they can sometimes be gathered in great strings called cables, and that the divers have great difficulty in separating the shells: also that very often the thickness of a bed amounts to several feet. Indeed, some divers are of opinion that many of the banks are crowded with oysters to the height of a man, only those at the top being alive. Yet, in the face of this, we are assured that whole colonies of the pearl-mussel have fled away to new

beds. It has been told to me by persons who have recently inspected the banks, that dead mussels were found in large quantities; some say that the mussels on these banks were killed by a species of skate that preys upon them,—others are inclined to assign other causes for the mortality. Have these beds of dead mussels been examined? Could not they—were the dredge in use—be brought to the surface, and the pearls be taken from them? And on all the beds where the oysters have died out, or decayed from some unknown cause, are there not countless pearls lying wasting in the waters? and might not these be obtained by dredging over the ground with the same kind of instrument that we employ in dredging the Clyde or the Thames? The outer skin of such pearls might be dull, but they could be peeled; for the gem is made up, like an onion, of so many layers, and a dull pearl can sometimes be peeled into a bright one.

The falling-off of the Ceylon pearl-fisheries is certainly remarkable, seeing that the fisheries there have always been regulated by intelligent officials, whilst the pearl-fisheries of the Persian Gulf are more productive than ever; and they are a common fishery where all may fish, or at least where many people do fish, upon the payment of a small sum of money. Colonel Pelly, in the report already alluded to, says that the pearl banks of the Persian Gulf (which extend about three hundred miles in a straight line), though annually fished from the earliest historic periods, continue as prolific as ever; the yield during late years having been more than usually large. An immense number of boats congregate at the fisheries: as many, sometimes, as 5,000 will assemble, and continue fishing from April to September, there being both a spring and summer fishery. The boats fish from the various little islands which stud these Indian seas, and from Bahrein in particular. After filling their boats, which takes some days, they resort to these islands for the purpose of washing out the pearls, (they open the fish at once with a knife), and also for supplies of provisions, which are usually of the simplest kind, consisting of fruit and rice. The boats are of all sizes, and the crews vary from five to thirty men, some of whom fish on their own account, but most of whom are in pawn to the agents of pearl-merchants who reside either at Bahrein or on the pirate coast, who secure the men by making advances of money to them during the period when there is no diving. The amount of money derived from the pearl-fisheries carried on in the Persian Gulf has been estimated at 400,000*l.*, half of which may be earned by the Bahrein divers, who fish on the richest banks, the other half being earned by the divers of the Arab littoral. Most of the pearls found by these fishers are sent to Bombay, where fancy prices are obtained. These Persian fisheries are much more valuable than the fisheries of Ceylon ever were. Here are a few authentic figures illustrating the income derived from the thirty-four banks and seventy-four rocks comprised in the four fishing districts off the island. The three years' fishing, 1796, 1797, and 1798, produced 99,000*l.* The net revenue of the Ceylon

fisheries from 1799 to 1820, was 297,390*l*. From 1820 to 1827, the fisheries were, as now, suspended, but from 1828 to 1837 the amount obtained was 227,131*l*.

It is really curious that the Ceylon pearl-beds should have failed, and that these Persian beds should be *always* productive, especially when we consider the fact that no care whatever is taken of the banks in the Persian waters, whilst the fishing of the banks at Ceylon has always been more or less regulated; the beds being surveyed, the supply estimated, and the time calculated during which a certain number of boats should be allowed to fish: the number of boats was always carefully estimated by the supposed yield of the bank to be fished.

In the days when there was a pearl harvest to gather in the waters around Ceylon, the following was the mode of gathering it:—Before a fishery could be authorized, it was considered necessary to make a survey of the various banks, in order to determine which of them should be fished—as it was never usual to permit indiscriminate fishing, or to fish each bank annually. During the course of the survey, a few thousand oysters—usually from three to five thousand—are gathered as a sample from which to estimate the probable produce of the beds determined to be fished. The shells being carried to Colombo, and the washing away of the meat being accomplished, the sample of pearls thus obtained is submitted to a committee of experts, generally Moormen, in order to be valued. As to be appointed a member of this committee is thought a high honour, there is reason to believe that an honest verdict is usually returned.

When the report of the experts is given in, those in power then decide whether or not to hold a fishery, of which, when a fishery is determined on, due public notice is given by advertisement, stating on which of the many pearl-banks the fishery will take place, the number of boats that will be allowed to fish, and the number of days the fishery will last, all of which matters are very carefully settled beforehand. If the fishery is to be conducted on account of the Government, the advertisement says so, and announces that the oysters (they are always called oysters) will be put up for sale in such lots as may be deemed expedient; if, on the other hand, the fishery is to be open to speculators, it is then announced that tenders will be received from such persons as may be desirous of becoming purchasers of the whole right of that particular fishery.

These preliminary matters having been all satisfactorily arranged, the boats that are to take part in the fishery come on the scene, and these are just the one-masted boats in common use all round the coast as carrying and fishing boats, and they may range from six to ten tons' burden. On the advertisement announcing that a fishery will be held being published, a great many more boats usually apply than can be employed, and bribes are frequently given in order to obtain a preference. We have seen a complaint from Twandle Swany, a native boat-owner,

who having paid 120 rupees for getting his boat appointed, was dismissed after fishing for seven days, his take averaging about 25,000 oysters per day—a hard case for so good a sommnatty. Each boat employed in pearl-gathering requires altogether a crew of twenty-three persons to work it efficiently. Ten of the number are divers, two men to each stone, and five stones to each boat; other ten of the crew are rowers, and attend on the divers when the boat is on the bank. The remainder of the number are the tindal, or master, who acts as steersman; the sommnatty, or owner; and a toda, or baler-out of the water. A peculiarity of the pearl-fishery is that every person connected with it, as in some of our home fisheries, is paid in kind. When the Government engage the boats to carry on a fishery, it claims three-fourths of all the shells brought on shore; and when a speculator, as is sometimes the case, has contracted to pay a certain sum to Government, and so takes the risk of the entire fishery, he claims the same allowance, or more if he can get it. Out of the remaining fourth of the produce a great many deductions have to be made before the boat-owners obtain their chance of payment, which is also made in this universal shell currency. For instance, many of the Government officials were at one time remunerated by a percentage of the capture, namely, two oysters from each stone; a similar allowance being made to that important personage the shark-charmer, without whose presence no fishery can proceed. Then, besides these, charity oysters have to be given for the Hindoo temples; indeed, some of the temples were at one time allowed the privilege of having a boat at some of the fisheries. After all the deductions have been made, the diver, who sustains the most laborious occupation in connection with the fishery, may obtain 134 oysters out of every 2,000 he brings up, as his own share: in sober money, he just earns about nine shillings per day; and he and the rowers only obtain a share on five days out of the six. On the sixth day the master gives the crew no pay at all, in order to swell his own gains.

The *modus operandi* of pearl-fishing has been so often described that there is no occasion for again going over the general details of how these gems are procured, except in so far as I may correct some of those inaccuracies which have been so frequently repeated in the stereotyped accounts published in many of our school-books, and at the same time consider whether or not the use of the common oyster-dredge may not be recommended as a substitute for the diver. After a fishery has been determined upon, and the boats have been engaged, licensed—for which a small fee is charged—and numbered, the commencement of active operations is often delayed on account of unsuitable weather, generally because of a north-east wind blowing from the shore, whilst the proper wind for the fishery is a breeze blowing from the sea, sufficiently powerful to carry the boats to the shore. This is ascertained by the experiment of making a boat go out once or twice. When the wind is strong enough to blow her right inshore, then the fishery begins, a lucky day being selected by the natives for the commencement. The start of the fishery

is usually in the beginning of March. Before that time the bank which is to be fished is marked with flags. At the commencement of the fishery a signal gun is fired at midnight, when the fleet immediately sets sail—the ardapanaars, or headmen, of the fisher caste leading the way with a light shining, as a guide to those who follow; a light is also shown at intervals by the Government guard-ship. Starting at so early an hour, the boats reach the vessel long before daylight, and they are required to anchor till they can see to fish. Soon after sunrise a signal gun directs the fleet to proceed to the fishing-ground, and at half-past six the hoisting of a flag permits the divers to begin their labours. Immediately five or six hundred naked swarthy figures plunge into the tranquil waters. Active operations are usually carried on for six hours, the divers descending into and rising from the water with great regularity.

Each boat is furnished with five diving stones, with a complement of two divers to each stone. The divers belonging to each stone go down time about: while one is down the other is breathing and resting. Divers are generally of the Parawa caste, from the coasts of Madura, Jaffna, and Manaar, and the pearl-fishery is in a sense a recreation for them, in the same way as a boat-race is recreation for the Thames watermen.

The shark-charmer, a cunning person, who is considered so indispensable to the fishery that he is paid by Government, is constantly in attendance at the fishing-bank. At one time, the charmer used to be allowed a percentage of one oyster per day from each diver, but this has been commuted into a money payment. Accidents have never been known to occur on the pearl-banks from sharks, which is of course attributed by the superstitious natives to the wise charming of the charmer; but it is quite easy to suppose that the noise made by so many divers frightens away these ferocious monsters. Exaggerated stories have been told of the time that a pearl-diver can remain under water, two minutes and even three having been mentioned as the common time, but fifty seconds is the usual period when the men are regularly at work; instances have, however, been frequent of an immersion lasting for eighty and even eighty-seven seconds. The divers enter strenuously into their work, and a good hand will, when the mussels are plentiful, send up as many as three thousand in the course of the six hours he is on the pearl-ground. At a given signal the fishery ceases for the day: then the crews which have been lucky shout for joy, others who have obtained but a scant supply linger on the bank till driven away by the guards. If the breeze be not strong enough to carry the boats to the shore, the men have to take the oars and row them home.

Meantime the boat-owner has been in utter anxiety to know what luck his boat has had, and the moment the little vessel reaches the shore he springs forward to ascertain the result of the day's diving, and to look over and fondle the wealth-giving shells. Others, all who are speculating in the fishery, are quite as anxious about the day's take; and the

fact is, that the thousands of people who gather on the coast—and they are so numerous that it looks as if a large town had suddenly been set down by the sea-side—are more or less speculators in the fishery: it is one great lottery. All kinds of people are assembled, and they are from all countries, and are of all colours, of many castes and of very different occupations; they erect with great rapidity tents, huts, bazaars, and shops; there are sutlers, jewellers, and merchants of all kinds on the scene, the grand idea being there as everywhere else, to make money. Everybody speculates, from the wealthy Hindoo merchant, who buys the right of fishing, down to the humblest outcast—for there are questionable characters of all kinds to be seen around, monks, fakirs, beggars, and the like. Strokes of luck are constantly being announced; a poor man may buy a fanam's worth of shells, and find himself in consequence of his purchase in possession of a little fortune. One person at a recent fishery bought three shells for a sum which could be represented by twopence of our money, and in one of the shells he found the largest pearl of that year's fishing. A pearl-fishery is as exciting to the natives of the East as the Derby or the Leger is to a Londoner.

When the fleet arrives with the mussels, they are all carried ashore and are divided into four heaps, three of which are selected by Government when the fishery is carried on by the executive, the other being the property of the boat-owners, and falling, as has been already explained, to be divided amongst the divers, rowers, and others. The shells are exposed in heaps or in pits, so that the pearls may be rotted out of them—the flesh of the fish is never eaten except by very low-caste natives—they are kept till the end of the fishery and then placed in canoes to be washed; poor buyers, however, cannot afford to wait, but seek out the pearls at once, at a considerable loss. Every individual shell is carefully washed and examined, and the pearls picked out, and afterwards the canoe itself is submitted to a series of washings in order to find out such pearls as may have escaped observation. These are usually found among the sand, children being employed to give a last look over the *débris*, in order that their young eyes may pick out the small seed-pearls which are sure to escape the eyes of the older people. The pearls are assorted into ten or twelve sizes by being riddled through a series of perforated brass saucers or colanders fitting closely into each other, the first of which has twenty holes in it, and those pearls which do not escape from it are called of the twentieth basket. The other baskets have each an increasing number of holes, thirty, eighty, one hundred, and progressing to a thousand perforations; each basket, of course, giving its name to the gems it contains, as pearls of the fiftieth basket, and so on. The price of the pearls is fixed per "chow," a local term which gathers into one word, size, form, colour, and weight, thus enabling the quality to be appraised. As to the yield of pearls, it may be stated that it is most uncertain: as many as one hundred pearls of various sizes have been found in one shell, and oftentimes a hundred and fifty shells may be opened and not one pearl be seen.

The largest pearls are said to be found in the beard of the animal. The estimate of the shells taken up for the sample previous to a fishery being announced, will average from ten to thirty Madras rupees per thousand oysters. Frauds of all kinds are constantly being perpetrated: mock pearls are mixed with genuine ones, and an endless variety of thefts committed; the coolies will swallow the gems, and the women will carry them away in their hair. The natives are very dexterous in picking out the pearls from the freshly taken shells, and also in concealing them. Plots are made up by the boat-owners and others to cheat their employers. When a man obtains the chance of stealing a large pearl, he contrives to signal to a confederate, who will, upon getting the hint, ostentatiously steal a small gem in order to throw the watchers off the scent: the small theft is at once detected, an uproar ensues, due punishment is meted out to the culprit, and during the time that this little drama is being enacted the "big thief" contrives effectually to conceal the treasure which he has purloined.

From these details it will be obvious that the falling-off of the Ceylon pearl-fishery will deprive our Indian exchequer of a considerable source of revenue, and the people of a means of obtaining wealth; but we may now hope that a proper inquiry will be instituted into the former fluctuations and present failure of the Ceylon banks. Mr. Holdsworth has been sent out by the Government to Ceylon, to report on the natural history of the pearl, and to suggest the best method of insuring successful fisheries; but a person on the spot, who is well versed in the matter, writes me that, in his opinion, "the science of all the naturalists in Europe will not replenish the beds till Nature so disposes." Now, it is hard to agree entirely with this gentleman. Science can not only replace the fisheries, but it can constitute fisheries where they have never existed before. It is proposed, I believe, to recruit the exhausted fisheries of the Tinnevely pearl-banks, on the continent opposite, by means of artificial culture; and a portion of the harbour of Tuticorin is to be walled in for the purposes of pearl cultivation, where the shells will be kept and tended during three stages of their growth, after which they will be placed in the sea on their natural banks. By this means we may find out a great deal about the habits of the pearl-mussel that we do not yet know, and so be enabled, perhaps, to solve the mystery which at present hangs over the beds.

Some recondite speculations have been recently ventured upon as to the present falling-off of the Ceylon pearl supplies, but no one can with any certainty point out the true causes of the failure. It is a curious circumstance that the unregulated fisheries of the Persian Gulf are prosperous, although there is an indiscriminate fishery carried on upon them every year, whilst the Ceylon and Tinnevely banks are at present quite barren. The fishermen of Whitstable say there is nothing so good for an oyster-bed as the perpetual dredging and working of it; but the dredge is not known to these Eastern people, although it might be used

with great advantage, both in the saving of labour, and in freeing the mussel-beds from the various kinds of enemies by which they are at certain times infested. Many of the banks are quite level, and the depth of water ranges from five to thirty-five fathoms; so that there could be no objection to the dredge being used on the score of the bottom being unsuitable, or the water too deep. Meantime, the failure of the banks must remain a mystery. It is needless to pretend that we know the cause, or that any one cause will account for so many different kinds of failure — some of the banks being filled with empty shells, whilst on other banks the fish has altogether disappeared, and again, on some banks, the traces of an enemy can be seen in the many broken shells that are lying around. I may just hint, however, that "over-fishing" must have more or less to do with the exhaustion of some of the banks at Ceylon. This idea is confirmed by the assurance of Mr. Steuart, who has an intimate acquaintance with the incidence and economy of the pearl-fisheries, that after fisheries have been held successfully for several nearly consecutive years, the banks cease to be productive. The want of a fall of spat may also, as in the case of our own edible oyster, be a cause of failure.

It is curious that, just as our Eastern pearl-fishery began to fail, a considerable supply of excellent pearls were derived from the rivers of Scotland. Mr. Unger, of Edinburgh, the chief dealer in these Scottish pearls, which are very beautiful, and the instigator of the trade in Scotland as now carried on, pays a great deal of money annually, chiefly to the peasantry in the neighbourhood of the pearl-producing rivers, for these Caledonian gems, many of which are of great individual value, the best kinds ranging in price from 5*l.* to 50*l.*: as much as one hundred sovereigns, indeed, have been obtained for a fine specimen. It is not unlikely, I think, from the impetus given to the fishery by the dealers, that the streams of Scotland will speedily be exhausted, for mussels in Scotland are not found in beds as in the sea, but individually or in very small clusters, which of course are greedily seized upon and at once destroyed in the hope of obtaining a few of the gems. As regards the productiveness of the Scottish pearl-mussel, a practical hand tells us that, one pearl is on the average found in every thirty shells, but as only one pearl in every ten is saleable, it requires the destruction of one hundred and thirty shells in order to find that one gem. Of course shells are occasionally found that contain a great many pearls, but these are an exception to the rule, and it may be easily calculated how long the capital stock of any river will stand out against the determined efforts of the peasantry surrounding it, when they know that by a little exertion they can pay their rent by collecting pearls.

As to the question "What is a Pearl," the best informed writers concur in thinking the gem to be the result of a disease of the mussel. Reaumur tells us, in one of his learned dissertations, that pearls are found in the mussel, just as stones are found in other animals, and

that they are apparently the effects of a disease in the fish ; M. Geoffrey, another learned Frenchman, thinks pearls to be of the same nature as bezoars ;* whilst some of the ancient naturalists thought in their day that pearls were the unfructified seed of the animal that produced them. Pearls peeled to the core, or sawn in halves, show nothing in the shape of a nucleus that is very determinable ; most pearls are nacre into the very heart. It was lately suggested at a meeting of the Royal Physical Society (Edinburgh) that the watering of the black cattle on our Scottish streams was an important aid to the production of pearls, as the animals broke the shells, and thereby produced a nucleus suitable for the formation of the gem. But black cattle do not water in the Persian Gulf, nor on the pearl banks of Ceylon,—in short, the Physical Society has not yet solved the mystery. It would be interesting to know whether or not the disease or gem-producing power of the pearl-bearing animals, is hereditary ; it is not unlikely that this may be the case. The proportion of shells that contain pearls to the total quantity brought on shore, is, as has already been stated, very small, and usually the shells likely to contain the gems within them can at once be singled out because they are generally rough-looking and deformed. This is so, also, in the case of the pearl-producing shells of our Scottish streams, which, however, are quite different in shape from those of the Oriental waters. Adepts in pearl-seeking on the Doon or Ythan delight in finding rugged ugly shells, as they know that they are the likeliest to contain pearls. Once obtained from sea or river, the pearl requires nothing at the hand of man, having been perfected and polished by Nature herself.

* The bezoar is a concrete matter found in the stomachs of goats and antelopes, and is of considerable money value, particularly in India, where bezoars are valued on account of imaginary medicinal virtues.

Defamation.

WE have often wondered why more attempts have not been made to embody, in the form of popular treatises, some information on those branches of the law which concern the ordinary affairs of life. We have handbooks upon most other subjects—from cookery and croquet to medicine and metaphysics ; but of legal guides for unprofessional readers there are but few, and these, for the most part, not sufficiently attractive in form to beget a liking in the popular mind for that kind of mental pabulum. Hence, the only school wherein an ordinary individual can acquire any knowledge of the laws under which he lives, is the practical one of actual litigation, the result of which is rather apt to be the same as that of the method of teaching people to swim by pitching them headforemost into water out of their depth : if they possess peculiar natural aptitude for the exercise, they may swim ; but more probably, if not drowned, they will emerge from the experiment with such a horror of the water as will effectually keep them out of it in the future. Besides, the terms at this school are so high, that the longest purse will only enable a pupil to acquire a knowledge of one, or two at the most, of the subjects composing the curriculum, so that the most litigious of men must always be far from attaining that ideally perfect knowledge of the whole law which the law itself is sanguine enough to expect of every citizen. And yet, to speak seriously, great evils attend the profound ignorance of most people on this subject. We can see no reason why it should be so completely banished as it is from our system of education, and should hail with pleasure the appearance of a series of well-written treatises which might help non-professional people to approximate a little nearer than they do to the aforesaid legal ideal of a good citizen. A little knowledge may, under certain circumstances, be a dangerous thing ; but total ignorance must always be so ; and we believe it would be a good thing, both for the public and the legal profession, if the latter had not quite such a monopoly of legal knowledge as at present.

The subject with which we have headed this article appears to offer a particularly good opening for a book of the sort we have mentioned, because the necessity of some knowledge about it must occasionally come home to everybody, and also because it is one of those subjects, any information on which, to be useful, must be always at hand, professional assistance being generally not available till too late. We have not yet taken to sending our letters to counsel to settle, or submitting cases for opinion as to the amount of abuse we may safely bestow on bargees, cabmen, and other objects of wrath ; and even if guineas were no object

to us, time would seldom permit us to have recourse to that source of information; so that a handbook of the law on this subject would seem to be an indispensable companion to *The Complete Letter Writer* and the *Guide to Polite Society*, and more absolutely necessary, indeed, than either of them, seeing that a slip of grammar, or a breach of etiquette, involves no more heavy penalty than a laugh or a sneer, whilst the use of a wrong word of abuse may cost us an action at law with damages according to the fancy of the jury. Such a handbook would, we are sure, meet with a favourable reception, and we commend the idea to the attention of those rising barristers whose souls are daily vexed by fruitless attempts to find a vent for the legal knowledge with which their heads are splitting. It would contain, of course, besides a concise account of the state of the law, common forms of letters, written under all conceivable degrees of provocation, and a glossary of all the terms of abuse which may be used with safety by an indignant Briton under any circumstances. In the meantime, however, we propose, as a temporary expedient, to attempt a slight sketch of the present state of the law relating to the offence of defamation, more especially as some recent cases have drawn public attention to the subject.

To begin, then, after the time-honoured custom in such matters, with a definition: defamation as between private persons is the malicious publication of anything untrue of a person, the immediate and natural consequence of which is some temporal injury to that person. Here, then, are four things necessary to constitute the offence—publication, malice, falsehood, and injury or damage; but the law, in all cases, except those of the privileged communications which we shall presently mention, presumes the existence of malice whenever there is damage, and in some cases presumes the existence of damage, and consequently of malice, from the nature of the defamatory matter published, in which cases an action is technically said to be without alleging special damage. It is as to this latter presumption that the distinction arises between the publication of defamatory matter, by writing, printing, pictures or other signs technically called libel, and that by word of mouth technically called slander, damage being presumed much more readily, as we shall see, in the former case than the latter.

First, then, we will briefly enumerate the different kinds of matter, the publication of which by any means is actionable without alleging special damage. Under this head come all words imputing indictable offences, unless the circumstances of the case show plainly that the words were used merely as terms of abuse, and without any serious intention of imputing a crime. As an instance of this exception, the words,—“Thou art a thief, for thou hast taken my beasts under an execution, and I will hang thee,” were held not to be actionable, because the reason given for the accusation showed that it was not meant seriously, it being clearly no theft to take beasts under an execution. Whence we may conclude that an Irishman may safely relieve his feelings by the use of

such national epithets as "murthering villain," "thief of the world," at least to an Englishman; if he were to use the words to a compatriot, the certainty that a breach of the peace would ensue might alter the case. Under the same head, come imputations of misconduct in discharge of any office of profit or trust, and statements calculated to injure persons in their trade, profession, or occupation. Apropos of these last, may be mentioned the celebrated decision that it is no libel to call a parson a great fool, the reason given being in the law French of the old reports, "*Par ce que on peut estre bon parson et grand fou; d'un attorney, aliter,*" to which estimate of the respective intellectual requirements of the two professions our clerical readers will probably demur. Lastly, under this head, are imputations upon a person which, if true, would exclude him from society, as to say that one has a contagious disorder.

Further than this the law does not go as to oral defamation or slander, so that words spoken which do not come under some of the above classes are not actionable without allegation of special damage. But there is yet another kind of matter which, if published by writing, printing, pictures, or similar signs, is defamatory, and actionable without special damage; viz., anything imputing to a person conduct or qualities which would degrade, or disparage, or expose him to public hatred, ridicule or contempt; a tolerably extensive definition, and one which includes most of the remaining terms of abuse and derision, a pleasing collection of which may be collected from the reported cases.

With regard to the publication of a libel or slander, it must be remembered that it is not only the original author who is considered to be guilty of publishing it, but every one who knowingly contributes to its dissemination, on which principle a railway company has been held liable for a libel contained in a telegraphic message transmitted by them. So far has this been carried that in the case of an action for publishing a ridiculous story of the plaintiff, it was held to be no defence that the story was originally told by the plaintiff himself. Think of this, all you tellers of good things, and beware how you repeat anecdotes confided to you in convivial moments, in which the narrator appears in an undignified or absurd character, lest your friend sober repent him of the confidence reposed in you when drunk, and you become a case to be appended to *Cook v. Ward*, the case just alluded to. Why the plaintiff in that case having told the story himself should have objected to its being told again, it is difficult to see; for there was nothing very discreditable to himself in it, the simple fact being that on his way to see an execution he had been mistaken for the hangman, and been the subject for some little time of much awe and curiosity among the country folks, to whom he was pointed out in that character. There was certainly one unpleasant consequence of this incident; viz., that he henceforth acquired the nickname of Jack Ketch, but we may be quite sure that he did not get rid of it by his action for libel.

We have stated above, as a general rule, that the law presumes the

existence of malice when there is damage; but there are certain communications which, either from the interest of the parties making them in the subject matter, or from the relation between them, are considered to be privileged, and, therefore, are not actionable, even when containing undoubtedly defamatory matter, unless the existence of malice is actually proved. The reason for this privilege is, that the circumstances of the case rebut the presumption of malice, which, as we have before observed, the law entertains in ordinary cases from the existence of damage. Very erroneous notions seem to prevail among the general public as to what communications are privileged, and even lawyers do not seem always to be as clear on the point as they might be. Thus we often hear people talking as if some immunity in this respect attached to newspaper writers and editors as such; but, as was stated by Mr. Justice Blackburn in the recent case of *Campbell v. Spottiswoode*, "There is no authority to show that the publisher or editor of a newspaper stands in any privileged situation different from that of the rest of the Queen's subjects." In the same case Mr. Justice Crompton very clearly laid down the limits of the privilege in these words:—"It is necessary to confine these cases of privilege to those in which there is some special interest or duty leading a man to come forward with the slanderous matter, and I think we should confine them to those already established by law." What these are, we will proceed briefly to consider.

To begin with communications of a public nature: speeches and proceedings in Parliament are privileged, but not necessarily reports of the same; indeed, the contrary was decided in the celebrated case of *Stockdale v. Hansard*, in which an action was successfully maintained against the well-known Parliamentary publishers for a report of certain evidence given before a committee of the House, and imputing gross immorality to the plaintiff. In consequence of this decision, an Act was passed in the beginning of the present reign, protecting all reports published by the authority of either House; but the publishers of all other reports of Parliamentary proceedings are still liable for defamatory matter contained in them.

Next in this class of privileged communications are proceedings in courts of justice, as to which we may lay down the general principle, that the privilege extends to all the pleadings and evidence, and to all statements made by judges, magistrates, and witnesses in open court. Statements made by counsel in open court are also privileged, if relevant to the matter in issue, and based upon instructions; such, at least, has been the limitation to the privilege generally laid down, though, in the case of *Hodgson v. Scarlett*, a strong opinion was expressed by Mr. Justice Holroyd that counsel could not be made liable even for statements transgressing this rule, without direct proof that they were made maliciously, and without reasonable cause. The soundness of this dictum may be questioned; for the result of holding it would be practically to give complete immunity to counsel, whatever unfounded aspersions they might cast

upon the character of any person (direct proof of malice being in most cases almost impossible); and though the bar as a body are not likely to abuse such a privilege, occasional instances are not wanting to show the danger of allowing too absolute licence to them in this respect. We may instance a recent *cause célèbre*, in which the counsel for the defendant, a man of high standing, so far forgot himself as to accuse the plaintiff, a lady, of a deliberate forgery of certain words in a letter, and to assert that he would prove it, when, from the nature of the case, he could have had no reasonable grounds for such an accusation. Now according to the above dictum, such conduct would be legally justifiable, because it would have been impossible to prove actual malice. And here we may observe that it does not at all follow because such proceedings in courts of justice, as we have been speaking of, are privileged, that therefore reports of them have the same immunity. It has indeed been clearly settled that fair reports of *trials* in public courts of justice are entitled to this privilege; but the same is by no means true of reports of preliminary or *ex parte* proceedings, the publishers of which, whatever practical immunity they may enjoy, are still legally responsible for defamatory matter contained therein. To quote a judgment of Lord Tenterden's, when Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the authority of which has not yet been shaken, "This court has on more than one occasion within a few years been called upon to express its opinion judicially on the publication of preliminary and *ex parte* proceedings, and has on every occasion delivered its judgment against the legality of such publication. Many persons have lamented the inconvenience and the mischievous tendency of such publications. They were within the memory of many persons now living, rare and unfrequent; they have gradually increased in number, and are now unhappily become very frequent; but they are not on that account the less unlawful, nor is it less the duty of those to whom the administration of justice is entrusted to express their opinion against them." Certain it is that the premature publication of such proceedings does in many cases seriously impede the course of justice, besides inflicting unnecessary pain upon individuals; and it may be doubted whether the advantage of publicity is sufficient to compensate for the evils attending a transgression of the strict rule of law as laid down in the above judgment. As to reports of preliminary criminal proceedings before magistrates, a distinction has been established, by a series of recent cases, between those cases where the accused is discharged and those where he is committed or held to bail; the reports being held to be privileged in the former case, and not in the latter. This rule, if strictly enforced, would considerably diminish the number of police reports in the daily papers, a not undesirable result, but one which we are perhaps not very likely to see, inasmuch as the persons who figure in police cases are not generally in a position to maintain an action for libel against the proprietors of newspapers.

Petitions and applications for redress to the Queen, either House of Parliament, or other public bodies or officers, are privileged if addressed

to the proper quarter. Next we may mention an important class of privileged publications, viz., fair criticisms upon works of literature and art. As might have been expected from the proverbial sensitiveness of authors, artists, and actors, they have not unfrequently, when smarting under the lash of criticism, had recourse to the law for a salve to their wounded vanity in the shape of damages, but they have seldom taken anything by the motion. There is a case of an action brought by one Sir John Carr, Knight, against that prince of jesters, Thomas Hood, which must have furnished some amusement in its day to the pupils of the pleader through whose chambers it passed. The worthy knight appears, from the report of the case, which alone has preserved him from a probably well-merited oblivion, to have been the author of some books of travel, with the titles *The Stranger in France*, *Northern Summer*, *The Stranger in Ireland*, and others of a similar kind, which probably were dull, and certainly were very voluminous. The libel complained of was an article entitled "My Pocket-book; or, Hints for a right merrie and conceited Tour, in Quarto, to be called the Stranger in Ireland in 1805." But the gist of the offence was in the frontispiece, which was described in the declaration, with amusing circumstantiality, as "a certain false, scandalous, malicious, and defamatory print, of and concerning the said Sir John Carr, and of and concerning the said books of the said Sir John Carr, therein called frontispiece, and entitled 'The Knight (meaning the said Sir John Carr) leaving Ireland with regret,' and containing and representing in the said print a certain false, scandalous, malicious, ridiculous, and defamatory representation of the said Sir John Carr in the form of a man of ludicrous and ridiculous appearance, holding a pocket-handkerchief to his face and appearing to be weeping, and also containing therein a false, malicious, and ridiculous representation of a man of ridiculous and ludicrous appearance following the said representation of the said Sir John Carr, and loaded with and bending under the weight of three large books, and a pocket handkerchief appearing to be held in one of the hands of the said representation of a man, and the corners thereof appearing to be held or tied together as if containing something therein, with the printed word 'wardrobe' depending therefrom; thereby falsely and maliciously meaning and intending to represent—for the purpose of rendering the said Sir John Carr ridiculous and exposing him to laughter, ridicule, and contempt,—that one copy of the said first above-mentioned book, and two copies of the said secondly above-mentioned book, were so heavy as to cause a man to bend under the weight thereof, and that his, the said Sir John Carr's, wardrobe was very small, and capable of being contained in a pocket-handkerchief." However the court was not moved (except to laughter) by this touching description of the wrongs of the unhappy knight; the judge, Lord Ellenborough, told the jury that if the alleged libel only ridiculed the plaintiff in his character of an author, the action could not be maintained, and directed them, if they thought that the publisher of the article had not

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to the proper quarter. Next we may mention an important class of privileged publications, viz., fair criticisms upon works of literature and art. As might have been expected from the proverbial sensitiveness of authors, artists, and actors, they have not unfrequently, when smarting under the lash of criticism, had recourse to the law for a salve to their wounded vanity in the shape of damages, but they have seldom taken anything by the motion. There is a case of an action brought by one Sir John Carr, Knight, against that prince of jesters, Thomas Hood, which must have furnished some amusement in its day to the pupils of the pleader through whose chambers it passed. The worthy knight appears, from the report of the case, which alone has preserved him from a probably well-merited oblivion, to have been the author of some books of travel, with the titles *The Stranger in France*, *Northern Summer*, *The Stranger in Ireland*, and others of a similar kind, which probably were dull, and certainly were very voluminous. The libel complained of was an article entitled "My Pocket-book; or, Hints for a right merrie and conceited Tour, in Quarto, to be called the Stranger in Ireland in 1805." But the gist of the offence was in the frontispiece, which was described in the declaration, with amusing circumstantiality, as "a certain false, scandalous, malicious, and defamatory print, of and concerning the said Sir John Carr, and of and concerning the said books of the said Sir John Carr, therein called frontispiece, and entitled 'The Knight (meaning the said Sir John Carr) leaving Ireland with regret,' and containing and representing in the said print a certain false, scandalous, malicious, ridiculous, and defamatory representation of the said Sir John Carr in the form of a man of ludicrous and ridiculous appearance, holding a pocket-handkerchief to his face and appearing to be weeping, and also containing therein a false, malicious, and ridiculous representation of a man of ridiculous and ludicrous appearance following the said representation of the said Sir John Carr, and loaded with and bending under the weight of three large books, and a pocket handkerchief appearing to be held in one of the hands of the said representation of a man, and the corners thereof appearing to be held or tied together as if containing something therein, with the printed word 'wardrobe' depending therefrom; thereby falsely and maliciously meaning and intending to represent—for the purpose of rendering the said Sir John Carr ridiculous and exposing him to laughter, ridicule, and contempt,—that one copy of the said first above-mentioned book, and two copies of the said secondly above-mentioned book, were so heavy as to cause a man to bend under the weight thereof, and that his, the said Sir John Carr's, wardrobe was very small, and capable of being contained in a pocket-handkerchief." However the court was not moved (except to laughter) by this touching description of the wrongs of the unhappy knight; the judge, Lord Ellenborough, told the jury that if the alleged libel only ridiculed the plaintiff in his character of an author, the action could not be maintained, and directed them, if they thought that the publisher of the article had not

travelled out of the work criticized for the purpose of slander, to find for the defendant, which they accordingly did.

Next we come to privileged communications of a private nature, and these we may divide into two classes, viz., communications between persons having a common interest in the subject-matter of them, and those made at the request of any persons, by way of advice to protect their interests. As examples of the first class, we may mention communications between two persons respecting proposals of marriage to a relation of both, and those between schoolmasters and parents as to the conduct and education of children. The second class includes those very troublesome communications—characters to servants and others in our employ, in which the fear of incurring legal liability too often leads to the no less dangerous expedient of concealment or misrepresentation of the facts. To allay such fears, we will repeat that such communications, if made without malice at the request of the person to whom they are made, and with a *bonâ fide* belief in their truth, cannot be made the subjects of an action, whatever be their purport; and moreover, subsequent communications of facts discovered after a prior communication has been made, are privileged, though made gratuitously without any request at all. But the person to whom the communication is addressed must have some interest in the subject-matter of it, or else there is no privilege; a good instance of which is the case of the man who, when asked separately by his cook and footman why he had discharged them, replied that they had both robbed him, whereupon each brought an action against him for slander, and it was held that he was liable.

As we have before observed, in all cases where communications are privileged, the privilege rests upon the ground that the peculiar circumstances of the case do away with the presumption of malice, which the law would otherwise entertain; whence it follows that if actual malice is shown to exist, the protection of privilege cannot be claimed under any circumstances. We have hitherto considered only those different kinds of defamatory communications in which the law presumes the existence of damage from their very nature; but it also follows from our definition, and the foregoing observations as to the legal presumption of malice from the existence of damage, that if it can be proved that damage to any person was the result of the publication of any false statement concerning him, he may maintain an action. The special damage complained of must be of a material nature; so eminently practical is the law that any amount of mental suffering goes for nothing in its estimation, while the loss of a dinner gives an immediate claim to redress. And no doubt, practically, the law is right, for if British juries were called upon to estimate, in damages, the exact value of broken hearts, wounded vanity, soured tempers, and the like, we should certainly have more of those incomprehensible verdicts which occasionally cause us a momentary doubt whether the venerable institution of trial by jury is quite such a perfect machinery for the discovery of truth as we

have always been taught to believe. But for this rule, what a dreadful problem would have been presented by a recent case in which the special damage complained of was that the plaintiff, a female member of some very select and exclusive sect of religionists, had, in consequence of a false report circulated by the defendant, been turned out of the congregation; and the sect not having very many adherents, she had not succeeded in getting into another to her liking. Fortunately, the court was able to decline to entertain the question of the spiritual damage sustained by the plaintiff, in not being able any longer to "sit under" her favourite minister; but if they had not been able to do so, what a hopeless task would have been theirs. Fancy the long array of black-coated gentlemen who would have been called, on the one side, to prove that the case of those outside the pale of that particular sect was indeed desperate, and the equally long array, on the other side, to prove that the doctrines of the said sect were, in fact, most erroneous and pernicious; and that, in truth, the plaintiff, so far from having any reason to regret having been compelled to leave it, ought to be very thankful that she had "come out of it." To what a pitiable state of imbecility would the learned judge have been reduced by the time he came to sum up!

If the patient reader who has followed us thus far is not yet imbued with a sufficient horror of the legal consequences of committing himself to writing, it remains to be added that, besides the civil action for libel, the offence may also be made the subject of a criminal prosecution, and until recently the latter was much the most fatal proceeding for the offender, because of a distinction which prevailed as to the defence which might be set up in either case; for while it was always a good defence to the civil action to prove the truth of the alleged libel, it was not allowed to set up such a defence to criminal proceedings for the same offence, as to which the maxim was, the greater the truth the greater the libel. This distinction rested upon the theory that the reason for the offence being the subject of criminal proceedings was its tendency to produce a breach of the peace, and that that tendency was greater when the accusation complained of was true than when it was false, conscious guilt being much more likely to take refuge in a breach of the peace than calm innocence. However, this distinction no longer exists, for an Act passed in the beginning of the present reign known as Lord Campbell's Act, enacts that, in criminal proceedings for libel, it shall be lawful to plead the truth of the alleged libel, and that it was for the public good that it should be published, and on proof of the truth, if the jury are satisfied that the public have an interest in the publication of the matter complained of, the defendant shall be entitled to a verdict.

Several other important alterations in the law of defamation were made by this Act, but we have only space to particularize one of the most important. As the law then stood, a person was liable to a criminal prosecution for a libel published by his agent, though it might be without his knowledge or consent, and it was not allowed to him to bring any

evidence to prove that he had not authorized such publication. This worked great hardship in many cases to booksellers and others, who were often subjected to heavy penalties in consequence of books and pamphlets being sold, or otherwise disseminated, without their ever knowing of their existence; to remedy which injustice, the Act provides that on an indictment or information for libel, it shall be lawful for the defendant to prove that it was published by his agent without his knowledge, and contrary to his orders.

We have only treated in these pages of the offence of private defamation, but besides this there are the offences of blasphemous and seditious libels and slanders, and that called *scandalum magnatum*, or defamation of peers and others in high position and office. Prosecutions for these offences were, at one time, very common, especially at the close of the last century, and it was in a series of cases of the sort at that time that some of the greatest battles for liberty of speech were fought, and that greatest of modern advocates, Erskine, won some of his proudest forensic triumphs. But we have neither time nor space to pursue this branch of our subject, and we must refer the reader who has not yet had enough of the law of libel to Erskine's published speeches, and to his life in Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, in which latter he will find a very interesting narrative of the most celebrated of these political libel cases, and also much information as to the law of libel at that time, and the alterations subsequently made in it.

If any readers have been patient enough to follow us thus far, we hope they may be rewarded by having gained a few hints which may help them in future to keep well within the limits which the law prescribes to freedom of speech, and thus to avoid that very unpleasant kind of posthumous fame which consists in figuring as defendants in a leading case on the law of defamation.

The Agriculturist in Prussia.

(BY A GERMAN.)

THE history of no class of people is more enveloped in darkness and mystery than that of the agricultural, although it makes, even in this industrial country, a very large portion of its population. The English agricultural forms and customs are alone in all Europe preserved in their feudal shape, and unfortunately so preserved that there seems to be no direct roads out of it left. In ancient time the crown was the dispenser of all land, and kings awarded tracts of country to their barons, for fighting their battles. Through what phases these and their peasants have gone we cannot here trace; but we have before us this day a handful of men owning all the British soil, and, on the other hand, instead of peasants, labourers cultivating the land for wages, with the farmers between them—a sort of industrial class. The barons and their descendants, under whatever new designations and titles, have kept power, legislature, and patronage, up to these days, well in hand; and although forced by the growing influence of the large mercantile, industrial, and professional classes to yield in points interesting *them*, the lowly agriculturist has had no advocate, and, unlike aggrieved artisans in cities, who can assemble, talk, and petition, he has no means to agitate and help himself. The destruction of primogeniture and entail in the families of the lords of the land is a very roundabout way to benefit the labourer and the public at large; yet it did honour to Messrs. Cobden and Bright to advocate it. A great moral wrong and political predominance will be broken down with the abolition of these mediæval customs. To a foreigner these customs of giving all to the first-born and nothing to the second, are a horror and an abomination; and if a father's feelings are drowned in family pride and ambition, I am sure that many an English mother's heart must bleed on seeing her younger sons and daughters turned out to positions in life which are in flagrant contrast to all they enjoy, and cannot avoid enjoying, in their childhood. Do not tell me that such positions will still be better than those of thousands or millions in the land, for the man bred in luxury will be miserable with an income of 300*l.* or 400*l.*, whilst an artisan may be perfectly happy on 40*l.* or 50*l.* a year. The division of the land on the Continent has been going through very different phases. In the Prussian provinces, which are not under the Code Napoleon, there was a perfect medley up to the present century. The nobility held large tracts of land. They had under them, either in their own or neighbouring villages, numerous peasants, who held buildings and land, for which they

worked, with a certain number of hands and horses, three days a week on the lord's lands. The peasant could sell out his tenancy or leave it, as was often done in war times, when farming did not pay, or families died out, but the lord could not force him out of it. This Frohn service was abolished after the Napoleonic wars for a consideration in money on the part of the peasants, gradually paid off; in some cases, also, by giving up to the lord a part of the land so far held. After that there remained only free landowning peasants in Prussia. Previous to this there existed, beside the nobility, large landed proprietors, free peasants, and cottagers with some land sufficient for a family to live upon, without or with the aid of a trade, such as smith, wheelwright, weaver, tailor, bootmaker, musician. The country has since then been divided amongst the nobility, gentry, or yeomanry, free landowning peasants and free landowning cottagers, and with very little trouble and scarcely any expense land may be transferred at the will of the actual holder, except a very small number of entailed estates. I have seen villages with 1,000 acres of land, owned by ten or fifteen free peasants at once, or gradually bought up by the nobility or capitalists, and united into one estate, the peasants emigrating to some distant forest domains of the state, which were to be cultivated and sold at such low prices as to enable the peasants to double or treble their land and wealth with the proceeds of their old home. I have also seen large estates divided and sold to a dozen or more small owners. This may happen through indebtedness of the owner, extinction of a family, preference for official life, devotion to an industrial career, or any other motive. In some counties large estates predominate, in others peasant property—the latter particularly in districts which were laid ownerless and waste by wars, and to which the Electors and Kings called the persecuted Huguenots and Protestants from France and Austria. Some communes contain one large estate, several peasants and also cottagers, all freeholders. Generally, however, you will pass alternately from a large estate into a village of peasants as you travel across the country, and the small owner can watch and imitate the progress of his richer and more intelligent neighbour, and will do so, when the superior crops of the latter have taught him that it is folly to remain in stubborn adherence to the habits of his father. As a rule, Prussian landowners farm their own lands. The peasants do so with the assistance of unmarried male and female servants, their own grown-up children, or if owning large estates, as in some districts (although still called peasants and eating their meals with all their family and servants at the same table), with the aid of cottagers; or, in harvest and other busy times, with occasional help of the village tradespeople. The nobleman and other large proprietors cultivate their estates with labourers or cottagers, and when possessed of more than one village and the land surrounding it, they put salaried inspectors over estates where they do not reside. The letting of estates to farmers is comparatively rare. The castle or mansion of the owner generally overlooks the farmyard, which is

surrounded with numerous stables and barns : most corn is carried into barns and very little stacked, except in years of extraordinary plenty.

The labourers' houses generally stretch off in a line from one side of the farmyard on both sides of the public road. These labourers represent the class of the English peasant, but I think them a very superior class. In the first place they are under the immediate eye of their lord or inspector, whilst here they have the farmer dealing with them, having to squeeze everybody for his rent. Wages form no comparison, as I will point out.

Let us look at a Prussian estate and village. They average perhaps 100 inhabitants. The houses are one-storied, highly gabled, with much loft room, built either of a wooden frame filled in with clay and thatched, or, in later times, of brick and tiles. They are built for two families, and have either a common entrance and kitchen with separate hearth, or both separate, with a dwelling-room, a bedroom, and a store-room. They are as a rule quite as lofty as the rooms in six or eight-roomed London houses : walls in and outside whitewashed. Between the houses are, at a small distance, the stables, behind them a small yard and a pretty large garden. Man and wife sleep in the dwelling-room, the babies in a cradle ; the children in the one bedroom : sometimes these labourers have a servant, who also sleeps with the children—never more than two in one bed. You will find a deal or oak table ; behind it along the wall a bench, and about the room a number of wooden or reed chairs, all scrupulously scoured if not painted. You will see somewhere a huge coffer, containing linen and clothes ; a cabinet holding food ; on the wall a clock ; and often other articles of furniture. The bed is very good ; there being generally two good thick goosefeather beds on a quantity of frequently renewed straw, put loose into the boxlike bedsteads and shaken up every day. A feather-bed covers the sleeper, with two good linen sheets, a fancy coverlet, and not unfrequently there are curtains. The stables contain a cow, one or two pigs for killing in autumn, a goose, which will breed them ten to twelve young ones, which are ready for killing in October, and half-a-dozen to a dozen hens furnishing eggs and breeding chickens. The garden at the back yields potatoes, turnips, carrots, and greens enough for the summer's consumption. Cows and geese are, during the summer, sent to graze, whilst pigs and hens are fed at home with household waste and some ground corn, the pigs being fattened on pease towards killing time. The geese get fat on the ears in the field after harvest, and a little extra barley feeding. For the wants of the winter there is a plot of ground given each labourer in the field for potatoes, and a plot for flax, as also a plot for meadow hay for the cow, straw being furnished from the farm as wanted. For firing, wood and turf are used. The latter is almost found on all estates, or if the former is wanting, it must be bought from the next forest. All carting of these things is done by the landlord's waggons. The labourer is bound to work all the year round for the landlord ; his wife (or, if she cannot

work, a female servant), a large number of days in the year. They receive wages, settled monthly, under deduction of a certain number of days for rent of cottages and all the benefits enumerated above. As for grain, the men get a percentage of what they thresh in winter in lieu of wages. This protects them in dearth from high prices; they earn generally more than they want, having some for sale, unless the families are large. Work may be considered to last from sunrise to sunset—somewhat less in summer and somewhat more in winter—with one or two hours' rest for dinner. But there are always odd hours, after finishing work in one field, when it is not worth the landlord's while to go to another task; and then the labourer is left to look after his own garden, potatoes, flax, hay, and hemp. The winter evenings leave a good deal of time. Supper being done at five or six, the women sit down at their wheels, spinning their own flax and tow and wool, which last they have to buy, into yarn, which gradually goes to the village weaver to be woven into linen for underclothes, bed and table-clothes, sacking, and a mixture of linen and wool, of which, being first dyed blue, coats and frocks are made—the latter mostly at home, the former by the village tailor; whilst socks and gloves, all wool, are knitted by the women all the year round, and everywhere. The men in their winter evenings do nothing but pay visits to each other, sitting round the women gossiping, telling tales, or listening to one of the children reading aloud books which the parson, schoolmaster, or squire lends them. Parsons and schoolmasters generally have a good stock of books of their own, but there are also books going from one schoolmaster to another all over the county. Who furnishes and pays for them, I don't know. There is a considerable sprinkling of historical books with a strong patriotic bias, and the people know much of the last wars, and the old generals and their battles; and they astonish one often as much as Scotch miners in the Highlands do, when you open a conversation on politics or the Bible with them over their after-dinner pipe. The men smoke the rooms quite blue, but you hardly ever see spirits, beer, or any other drink. I remember that the inns, thirty or fifty years ago always full of drinking villagers, gradually became deserted by them, and were only used periodically by the young people for dancing and offering travelling pedlars and artisans a resting-place: many vanished altogether. All children visit school from their sixth year, and continue till their fourteenth year, in winter from eight to eleven and one to four, in summer from six to ten o'clock, with fourteen days' vacancy in harvest-time, fourteen days in October for potato-digging, and about a week for the Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun holidays each—during which time, however, the children have to learn by heart some hymns and Bible chapters, and, besides, they have writing and arithmetic to do. The schoolmasters are all trained in Government seminaries, bringing a respectable amount of information there to enable them to pass their examination on entering. No commune can

appoint a schoolmaster unless he is so trained; but it has to keep and pay him, Government no longer interfering, except by an annual inspection and examination by a Government commissioner travelling all over the country. The labourers pay but little for schooling, and all the same rate, whether they send one child to school or half a dozen. The chief support of the school must come from the landlord; but in most cases there is land attached to schools, as well as to the parsonage. Altogether the learning and trouble of a schoolmaster is but ill requited in many cases, although there is always a pressure to enter the profession. The schoolmaster has the children, boys and girls, on separate benches. They learn reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography; some drawing and mathematics and natural history, much singing and religious doctrine, besides Bible history and Catechism. The singing of hymns and of pretty two and four part songs by the children, is really charming. From the tenth year the children go to church, and take their place in the organ choir on both sides of the schoolmaster, who plays the organ (which all schoolmasters understand perfectly), the children singing the Liturgy, which the congregation does not join in. But all sing the fine old hymns; and everybody knowing the tunes well, they go off with a grand majestic sound, the like of which you would vainly seek to hear in a London church. When twelve years old, the parson takes the children in hand twice a week, beside the ordinary schooling, preparing them for their confirmation on their fourteenth year through two years. The children know the Catechism already, but they are then led through the great Catechism, being a course of instruction in the Christian faith, duties, morals, sins of commission and omission, and original sin, &c. Unless a child be well grounded in these matters, being otherwise in possession of its mental faculties, the parson will not confirm it on reaching fourteen years, but consign it back to school for another year: this is considered a great disgrace to the child, and therefore it rarely happens. During these two years the children are also held to be able, and are required to give, an extract of the Sunday's sermon in writing, or verbally, the following Monday. Confirmation Day, about Easter-time, is a great annual fête day. There are touching scenes between parson and schoolmaster and the young people on taking leave; and if the latter, or some of them, afterwards are not what they should be, church and school are not at fault. The next steps in life of the young people are, of course, not so easy to follow, as they are in all classes and all countries. Some remain with their parents, and are employed by the landlord on light work at wages which increase with years. A good number will be taken up to the court, as the landlord's mansion and farmyard is called, and are there hired at an annual rate with half-yearly notice. The girls are employed as chambermaids, kitchenmaids, dairymaids, others for tending fowls, pigs, helping the gardener, &c. The young men have first to assist the shepherds, tend the cattle, and do other light work, and when about twenty years old, they get the charge of four horses, doing carting

and field work ; the most successful driving the landlord's carriage and four, which are, if not exclusively devoted to that service, only doing light work. Thus, on a medium estate, there will be living and boarding at court, about twenty single young persons. The women sleep in the house, the men near the horses, in the stables or above. The winter evenings find all servants together in the dining-room : the girls do sewing, knitting, &c. of their own, in view of a future household, and the men smoke and carry on flirtations with the girls. Many engagements are here formed, resulting, after a number of years' saving of linen, clothes, and ready money to buy furniture, in marriage : when the landlord lets them a cottage to live in, and enrols them among his labourers. They never crowd into their parents' dwellings. If there be no room in the village, they will go to a neighbouring one, young families being generally welcome to landlords. Early marriages are not in favour, and twenty-five years must be considered as an early average on male and female side. Many young men after reaching twenty years have to serve as soldiers for three years. This may be considered of doubtful benefit, but the men certainly bring home improved manners, and a spirit of order and cleanliness, which remain with them and give a good example to others. The other young people engage as servants to the parsons, schoolmasters, to such tradesmen as there are, to the neighbouring peasants, or go as domestic servants into the towns ; some of the boys learn a trade. Amongst all these you will see the superior intelligence come into play ; and as education has put these labouring people on a par with the peasant and landowning cottager and country tradesman, some marry into these classes, whilst, on the other hand, peasants' and tradespeople's children, when poor, come to be labourers. Sometimes, when they have some money, this step is only taken till they find an opportunity to buy a small property or emigrate to some new district to be broken up, where land is cheap. The peasant, as a rule, works as hard as the labourer, often harder, when greedy to save, and the living and outward appearance is not very different. The labourer wears his coat and all his garments in the same cut as the peasant and the landlord, and if the material is of rougher cloth or mixed material, and if the finer wedding-coat, reserved for church-going only, does not remain in the newest fashion, there is in a German labourer no class look. No more will you meet in his countenance the bovine look and unintelligent stare which you encounter twenty miles out of London in the agricultural population ; nor have I ever heard or seen German labourers begging the largess, as English will, when you go in autumn to the seaside and stroll along a country road, where men are harvesting. Most people, if not burdened with large families of children, manage to save money for times of sickness, or, if preserved therefrom, to give the children an easier start. Doctoring is contracted for by the landlord, and costs nothing to the labourer. There are no poor-rates or unions in the country. The family ties are very close, and protect the aged, infirm, or orphan relations from

want, these being often still of use at home to look after the small children and prepare meals when the wife is out earning wages. The landlord will keep those who have no other support: he cannot drive them from his estate. Many labourers are born and die on the same estate, and good landlords will have few changes. The more exacting and worse-paying landlord will get more notices to quit, and as a necessary consequence will have a less efficient staff of labourers. All removals are made on the same day, twice a year, in spring and autumn, the landlords sending their waggons to fetch their new labourer with his family and goods from their previous place of abode, generally not many miles distant. The diet of the labourers consists generally of a soup of milk and flour, meal or groats for breakfast; a variety of stews, pudding and dishes of potatoes, pease, flour, buckwheat groats, dried fruit, &c. for dinner; and salt meat three times a week, and boiled potatoes and herring for supper: brown bread forming a considerable accompaniment at all meals. Fresh mutton and beef are rare, and when obtained from the killing at the mansion, it is consumed boiled. We do not pretend that the fare is rich, but it is producing strong men and women, with flesh on their bones and healthy complexions, as any one can see passing across the country.

I remember a letter which appeared in *The Times* some months since, and was rather startled by the writer's views about labourers. According to him the English labourer, as he was, and as he wished to preserve him, would be *de facto* nothing better than a slave or a beast of burden. I must believe it to be a gross libel on humanity, that the superior education of the children makes them disobedient and disrespectful to their untutored parents, and causes them to leave them as early as they can, never caring for them in their old age. Where this can be so, church and school must be sadly at fault. I should object to schooling before the age of six years. A child's bodily development and joyous freedom should not be oppressed with mental exercise, before it can comprehend the meaning of what it is taught, and should also not be made to feel the double authority of parents and teachers. There are no persons living in Prussia who cannot read printed books, but there are many above the age of fifty years who have learnt no more; in fact, most of the agricultural population is in that state. Government-trained schoolmasters became only universal thirty years ago. I learnt my A B C myself from the old tailor-schoolmaster of my native village, shortly before the new era, and taught my father to write and sign his name, as many of my school-fellows did at the time, to avoid their signing crosses to their deeds and papers. It never entered our heads or heart, that therefore our parents had less authority over us, or that we owed them less obedience and respect. The old folks certainly blessed the superior advantages of their children, and would often give in to us, saying, "Well, you have learnt much more than we, and must know best." We have it from our parents, that in their childhood, early this century, disturbances, labourers' strikes of whole villages, murder of landlords, and firing of farmyards, were not un-

known, but they are never heard of in modern times, with a more educated, more intelligent, and better contented population of labourers. A Prussian labourer is no property of his landlord, and will not grovel before him in the dust, but stand up and speak to him like a man; yet he will pay him hearty respect, will do his duty cheerfully, and if, for some reason, they wish to part, it is generally done after mutual explanation, and without rancour. The writer in *The Times* says that labourers' children, rather than being sent to school, should earn wages. The feudal party in Prussia, of which Bismarck is the chief, and who would fain ape the British aristocracy, say the same. They want darkness, and hate all education; they also think it desirable to have the right of flogging their villagers reintroduced in their domains. However, they are like one to a hundred in Prussia, and though still in great political power, but a remnant of the past in their own class of landed proprietors; who, as a whole, are well contented with the present state of things on their estates.

I have already said that in Prussia most large landowners farm their own lands. They have a staff of inspectors, assistants, and apprentices, all gentlemen of their own station, and living with them as members of the family, unless married, when they have their own residence and household. Over the outlying estates elderly married inspectors will be set, or sons of the owner. Now, an estate of 1,000 acres or less will seldom be cut to pieces and divided amongst the children. The owner will, during twenty-five to thirty years' farming, be able to save a considerable sum of money; if he then be still hearty and willing to work on, the elder boys get some money to enable them to buy a farm, or enable them to get on in the career for which they have been educated. The daughters will be married early or later as chances offer; they receive a marriage-portion, which may be stated by a scrupulous father to his son-in-law, but is generally only guessed at by the latter. When it comes to making the will, it may appear that the second, fourth, or fifth son is most fit or most in need to succeed to the estate. He then has to become the debtor of his brothers and sisters to such an extent as appears right and equitable to the father and family; and if the outgoing children want the money instead of the interest, it must be raised on mortgage. Unless a man is richer in cash or other property than the value of his estate, the heir will always have an advantage over the other children, and fatherly love generally leaves the less gifted and less able to fight the world's struggle in his home as successor in the estate. The eldest son succeeding in preference is no recognized custom at all. If no will is made, the owner's widow is next heir absolute, and if she make no will, the child who is willing or able to pay most out to his brothers and sisters succeeds. If they cannot agree, the estate is sold, and the proceeds are divided equally. On the same rule the peasants and smaller owners proceed. There is never any such thing as estates without a proprietor. Complete registers being kept in the county town, the law knows everybody born an heir to the estate, and every heir can force a

legal settlement on his co-heirs without delay. If many children become to be heirs to a small estate, some of them will early see the necessity to follow some other calling than farming, and will do so.

The few thousands of landed proprietors of England may say, "What is it to you if we and our families are satisfied to consider our first-born a different being from those that come after him?" Well, as far as they are alone concerned, I would not meddle with them. What I aim at is, the better education, improvement, and happiness of the agricultural labourer. Those landowners who have got a conscience should place the means of instruction within the reach of their cottagers, and if Government and Parliament will not make schooling obligatory, although its magistrates will send to jail for stealing some turnips a man whom it never gave a chance to know that he did wrong,—I think Government ought to abolish all the laws made for a class, and which are in the way of complete free trade in the soil of the United Kingdom, and which have had the effect of concentrating the whole land of England in the hands of about 30,000 individuals. I am certainly against dwarf-farming, but the evils of centralizing are ten times more important, and affect seriously the whole British nation. In many of the settlements of the wealthy families, sums are set aside to be invested in land; the result is, that where land is scarce already, prices are paid which were never expected to yield a return. The consequence is, it is left unproductive as hunting-grounds and parks. Men who have incomes of 50,000*l.* or 100,000*l.* a year want no more money; but they let their cottages tumble down, and do systematically all they can to depopulate their domains, so that it has come to pass that England requires an annual importation of about 6,000,000 quarters of wheat, which could all be raised in the country if the waste land were put under cultivation, giving the labourer useful occupation, check emigration, and make and keep England independent of foreign supplies in times of war, scarcity, and other disturbances. Land could be let at a lower rent, the labourer would get better housed, receive higher wages, and the trader be able to sell more commodities to him, while the whole land would retain treasure and grow in wealth.

The Theory of Flirtation.

By this word we in no way allude to the easy flow of conversation, or that harmless repartee and interchange of sense or nonsense between the sexes which is so often misnamed flirtation, simply from the accident of a man taking part in it, and which is as compared with the genuine article "as moonlight is to sunlight, and as water is to wine,"—nor do we mean that genial mirthfulness and laughter which are as a matter of fact quite as often to be witnessed between women only as between men and women, and might be so entirely for any point or significance to be attached thereto; we are speaking of that intercourse between the two sexes which is habitually distinguished by those actions, operations, and expressions that by dimly discerning eyes are regarded as the provocations of love, but which may be more truly termed the provocations of the spirit, and which require to be initiated, regulated and intensified, prolonged, sustained, or abbreviated by one or other of the acting parties, and whether that party be man or woman is wholly immaterial to the discussion: bearing these distinctions well in mind, we propose to consider the necessities, conditions and privileges, in short all the things which go to make up a genuine flirtation.

To a well-developed affair of this order the aids of dress are perhaps the most common and the least noble, but they are almost all that some people have to rely on or can hope to possess, so they must needs be mentioned, though we assign to them the lowest place. Fashions come and go and reappear in their stubborn vitality, and each trick of dress has in divers ages had its separate potency in conquest. "To what end are these crisped false hairs, painted faces, such a composed gait, with not a step awry?" demands an ancient satirist. "Why," asks Lucian, "all these pins, pots, glasses, ointments, irons, combs, bodkins, setting-sticks?" Why, indeed? for we ask ourselves, Could Lucian possibly have put such a question had he lived in our day? Hierome somewhere thus describes a woman,—*"She walks along, and with the ruffling of her clothes makes men look at her . . . her waist is pulled in to make her look small. She is straight girded; her hairs hang loose about her ears. Her upper garment sometimes falls and sometimes carries to shew her naked shoulders; and as if she would not be seen, she covers that in all haste which voluntarily she shewed."* "If women were bad, men were worse in tricking themselves up," says Seneca; "they go beyond the women, and do not walk, but jet and dance." However, we have changed all that, and now a woman will sit motionless all perhaps except her eyes; and so far from "jetting and dancing" in their gait, men lounge into their

chairs as if they were dropping into their coffins, and can hardly force their muscles to articulate their speech. But the first represents a leopardess *couchant*, and the second a lion *fainéant*, whence it arises that in these days the most finished and perfect examples of flirtations are initiated and conducted to their end chiefly by the courage and genius of women, whereby men earn a fitful and inglorious repose and lose more than need here be described. No doubt coarse and meretricious arts in dress are rarely or never displayed in the nineteenth century, at least in England, where in many respects we are not as other people are; but whenever they are practised it springs from a taste neither artistic nor fastidious, but greedy, clamorous, and undiscerning,—one which prefers to gather a large tribute in coppers from the multitude rather than accept a single jewel from a critical and instructed observer. Personal appearance stands by some degrees higher than dress. “Fair sparkling eyes, white necks, coral lips, rose-coloured cheeks, are of themselves potent enticers;” and when to these are added “a comely well-composed look and pleasing gesture and carriage,” Montaigne deems them far more forcible than such articles as “curious needlework, spangles, pendants, tiffanics.” As for gestures, they must be used in moderation; they are but the dumb show and prognostics of greater things. “’Tis not the eye but the carriage of it that causeth effects.” The eye is the silent orator, the secret interpreter which wounds, heals, questions, explains, affirms, denies, and promises. It opens negotiations, makes appointments and annuls them, signs treaties, sues for peace, proclaims war; and many a capitulation has been offered and accepted by a glance of which the most observing bystanders remained in profound ignorance. Laughter should be rare, for flirtation is not a subject for mirth, but a high exercise of capacity; nor must smiles be too frequent, but when exchanged should be full of intelligence and suggestion. They are, as it were, the password, without which no counter-signal can be returned, but therefore not to be perpetually offered for the information alike of friend and foe. It is impossible for the expression of the features to be too highly refined and significant, and for this reason men who wear beards, or as an old writer puts it, “who now do clothe their pretty mouths with hair,” are bereft of one-half their power, and retain only the preaching of the eye. The mouth is one of the most characteristic and important features of the face, but all that it can indicate of power, persuasion, firmness, content, or displeasure, is entirely lost and unproductive. If men like the hero of certain novels rely much on biting their lips, writhing their mouths, and setting their teeth, so far as effect is concerned, they may as well set these last, as they do their razors, in the privacy of their own dressing-room. One peculiar distinction which belongs to flirtation, as compared with love-making, is the condition of reciprocity. With the last indeed it often occurs that there is *un qui baise et l'autre qui tend la joue*—it is required that one must be bridled and saddled, and the other booted and spurred: but flirtation, when seen in perfection, is a race, a contest, a tournament which developes

and tests the capabilities of the two concerned in it. In some degree it is in the nature of a warfare, for blows are given and taken; severe cuts and thrusts are interchanged; the combatants take their punishment well or ill according to their temper and breeding: some bleed inwardly and make no sign, others even in the very moment of defeat will, by a Parthian shot, win back all they have lost, and change a retreat into a triumph. Diversity of age is no bar to flirtation, provided it does not pass a certain point of maturity sooner reached by women than men, and a few years' advantage on one side often confers a certain power; but the line must be drawn just within the boundary when, though the knowledge and experience necessary are at their highest point, the inclination to do mischief or to confer benefits and instruct youth begins to fade. It is, perhaps, fortunate that the blood of seventeen is rarely united to the wisdom of sixty. *Ah, si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!* It may be added, that any benefit which superiority in age is supposed to give is precisely the one which most feminine flirts would part with, if it were but possible. One of the first conditions to the particular relations which we are discussing is a certain amount of equality in social position; or, in default of this, some great and counterbalancing quality must not only exist, but be plainly apparent on the side of the party where the deficiency occurs. Without this, there is always a degree of condescension in the one, and a servility or at least embarrassment in the other, which is fatal to a full and free exercise of their best powers. Their conversation or interchange of sentiment is apt to degenerate into the badinage of a gentleman with a serving-woman, or the insincere and peremptory affection which a well-born and zealous wife displays towards her husband's constituents when an election is imminent. For this reason, though as a specimen of sedulous flirtation and the success to which it may ultimately attain, nothing has ever been written like it, the provocations of Jane Eyre with Mr. Rochester have always struck us as being of a faulty and degraded type. That gentleman was indeed, as Methodists express it, "greatly exercised" by Miss Eyre, but there was too much attitudinizing as master and servant, or employer and dependant, to make it an example to be recommended for the guidance of others. When that remarkable book was in process of demolition by those reviewers whose predestined fate it was to have to eat their words, the most sensible remark about it was made by the wife of a Scotch minister: "The only grudge I have against the book is, that since it was published all the governesses have taken to imitate Jane Eyre, and the plainer they are the more they do it." "What are the signs?" we demanded. "Keeping diaries, speaking in monosyllables, and addressing all gentlemen as 'Sir.' Watch, and you will see." We watched, saw, and were convinced. Discretion is a vast power, for the draught of air which would blow a spark into a flame, will, if too vigorous, extinguish it altogether. There are, however, indiscretions which, so far from being attended by loss, are capable of being turned to advantage by a prompt and happy presence of mind. A little

time ago, at a French country-house not many miles from Paris, there was in a *salon* a lady whom we will call Madame V., and a gentleman well known as an admirer of the sex. The conversation took a tone partly gallant, partly tender, and M. de L. was in the act of kissing the lady's hand with more *empressement* than was necessary, when there passed by the window, which opened into the grounds, Madame de B., who at a glance saw all that there was to see. She had a little *malice* in her disposition, the two had been, nay, were, rivals, and the *qu'en dira-t-on* presented itself instantly to Madame V. "Allez, je vous en prie, Monsieur; c'est une méchante, une rapporteuse, faites votre possible qu'elle se taise, ou ne revenez jamais chez moi." M. de L. went, and returned shortly with an air of satisfaction. "Rassurez vous, Madame; elle a bien tout vu, mais elle sera discrète; je lui ai imposé silence d'une telle manière qu'elle se taira sur cette petite affaire." "Qu'est donc que vous lui avez dit?" "Je ne lui ai rien dit," was the reply. "Je l'ai baisée aussi—et sur les lèvres. C'est tout simple, c'était une bonne idée qui m'inspira." It is said that Madame de B. did in this instance keep her word. Egotism is above all things to be avoided; it is fit for lovers, not for flirts, and is such an act of boredom that the first attempt to inflict it should be to a well-regulated mind an instant and final cause of rupture. It is unnecessary to remark that the miserable and illegitimate fashion, which at present represents women as being favourably influenced by listening to the shameless self-complacent and ungenerous details of histories about other women, is as untrue to nature as it is false and treasonable to good taste. To say of any one, *C'est un homme qui parle*, is as decisive a blow to the reputation of a man among women, as it would be with men to state that he cheated at cards. Self-assurance, again, is not inconsistent with that modest demeanour which is, when possessed, such an admirable quality; but there is a certain air, *capable et composé*, which is of itself exasperating to humanity. There is of course a fussy and ostentatious, and a quiet way of doing all things. Silence is often more eloquent than speech, and a sigh will say more than a smile; but it may in general be affirmed, that the woman who flirts with least sign or action, and the man who does the same thing with the smallest appearance of it, are the people who effect the most, and obtain the greatest enjoyment from their pastime. Some women can sit immovable and motionless while they flirt with half-a-dozen men at a time, but there is a looseness, even a want of decorum about this proceeding which we are not prepared to commend. It dissipates the mind, and prevents that purity and concentration of purpose which is inseparable from the attainment of great results; it likewise attracts attention and creates enmity; but they are quiet flirts after all who are, as the phrase is, the most dangerous, or as we should term them the most skilful and meritorious. Temper, whether naturally good or otherwise, should at least be kept well in hand; real storms ought never to be indulged in, they are only picturesque to witness when we are ourselves sheltered from their fury; and a too

electric condition of the atmosphere is absolutely fatal to the pleasurable intercourse which we are describing. Between two persons who are flirting there should be entire loyalty and union in defence of each other, and great promptness in making any third party effectually repent of any kind of interference. However much they may chastise, aggrieve, or contend with each other, they should permit none else to do so. With regard to their mutual operations, there can be no limits laid down. Tantalizing up to torment is not only allowable but often advisable. A little cruelty is what the grater is to the lemon; but, whatever degree of pressure or even torment is exercised, there should be the utmost generosity observed in concealing the victory from the world. Manner should be courteous, significant, and suggestive. It must be, when needful, reverential on the part of a man, admiring and appreciating in a woman. It should never be too earnest or too heartless, for earnestness is apt to become embarrassing, and when a man is urged to that point he is apt to look awkward, which sometimes brings about a vexatious reaction; while a woman rarely forgives one who causes her to feel *embarrassée de sa personne*. The heart may not, nor is it desirable that it should be, seriously engaged, yet there should be a decorous appearance of consulting it, though not in a too searching fashion. As much sentiment should be indicated, and no more, as can be safely ventured on in case of a repulse; otherwise a retreat may be turned into a rout. A German diplomatist, when no longer young, was paying court to a very charming Englishwoman, and with the cumbrous gallantry of his race, besought permission to kiss her hand. The lady languidly assenting, resigned her hand, and the German mumbled at it for a minute or two. The ceremony over, came the question,—“And that really gives you pleasure, Monsieur?” to which he replied with much effusion of sentiment and a rapturous assent. “I wish I could say as much!” was the almost pathetic exclamation of the lady. In most well-studied and carefully-adapted flirtations, infinite patience is required on the part of the strongest, and the same tact should be employed in ascertaining preferences and aversions as a skilful physician practises towards his patients. Questions are put so insidiously and indirectly, that not even the invalid suspects the importance of the inquiries or the consequences of his own admissions. Perseverance is called for against passive resistance, courage and decision against open mutiny or revolt, dexterity in attack, promptness in according pardon, especially when, as often occurs, it is not the aggressor who demands it. All this and more is required to conduct a flirtation to its possible perfection. With regard to the conversation of a man under these circumstances, it should be brilliant and incisive, if nature has gifted him with sufficient wit to make it so; and on rare occasions—if they do not arise, he must create them—serious. It must be most frequently intensely personal and monopolizing; but sometimes it may turn on abstract subjects, in which emotion or the appearance of it may be permitted. Tenderness is allowable in the manner of speech, but not in the matter or subject of it. A

sure sign of advance in intimate understanding is when, without apology or introduction, conversation begins at once at the exact point where it left off before; but it is a proof of mature growth when the parties concerned find that their mutual presence is indispensable for their comfort and enjoyment; that, in fact, they are incapable of putting forth their best powers or sustaining even their usual reputation, without the stimulus, support, and sense of protection which the sight and countenance of the one affords to the other. We need hardly observe that two thorough and resolute flirts who thus exercise themselves in mutual provocations and the science and practice of flirtation from considerations of an exclusively moral and intellectual kind, are sure to be misjudged and libelled by the outside world, to which equally they will be too high-minded to pay any sort of attention. It will be said that they are making love. Unjust accusation! for where love-making begins real flirtation ends. Love involves passion, sincerity, earnestness, often selfishness, and even a barbarous and savage jealousy which flirtation does not; not that it is or need be insincere, but that sincerity is irrelevant to the whole proceeding. To be accused of intending to marry because a man proposes to flirt, is as hard as if, because he tries to see a landscape from the best point of view, he is to be taken as giving an order for a picture of it. There are some people who always mistake the preliminary canter for the actual race, but time, and the decay which time brings with it, generally convinces the world of its error in confounding flirts with lovers. And this leads to the melancholy reflection that the most admirably-conducted and highly-finished flirtation, even when based on the most philosophical of systems, is not perpetual in duration. It may live for ever in the memory, but in actual life, "*quand la félicité humaine est arrivée à son apogée, déjà elle touche à sa fin.*" The best fate we can desire for it is, that it should decline into that intimate and cordial friendship which is so wrongfully stigmatized as Platonic; the saddest it can ever deserve is that it should be entirely forgotten. In our analysis of the nature and object of this admirable and elevating game, we have been careful to combat the current faith that the aim of it is or ever need be marriage. But our words would be to many of our readers more acceptable if we could add that its tendencies are all that way, and that in the majority of cases such is the final result. But this would be to encourage enterprise altogether illegitimate, and theories essentially demoralizing. Besides it would not even be true. Many people, both men and women, who have in their day flirted, and flirted well, are like certain books. We study them diligently, we read them until we know by heart every word and sentence in them, we underline a few passages, turn down one or two leaves; they have impressed themselves unmistakably on one portion of our lives, but we do not purchase them. From the circulating library they come, and to it they return. In a certain sense they have been and still are morally and in the abstract our own, but sometimes the reader parts from his book without any interest even in the marks made during perusal.

The Claverings.

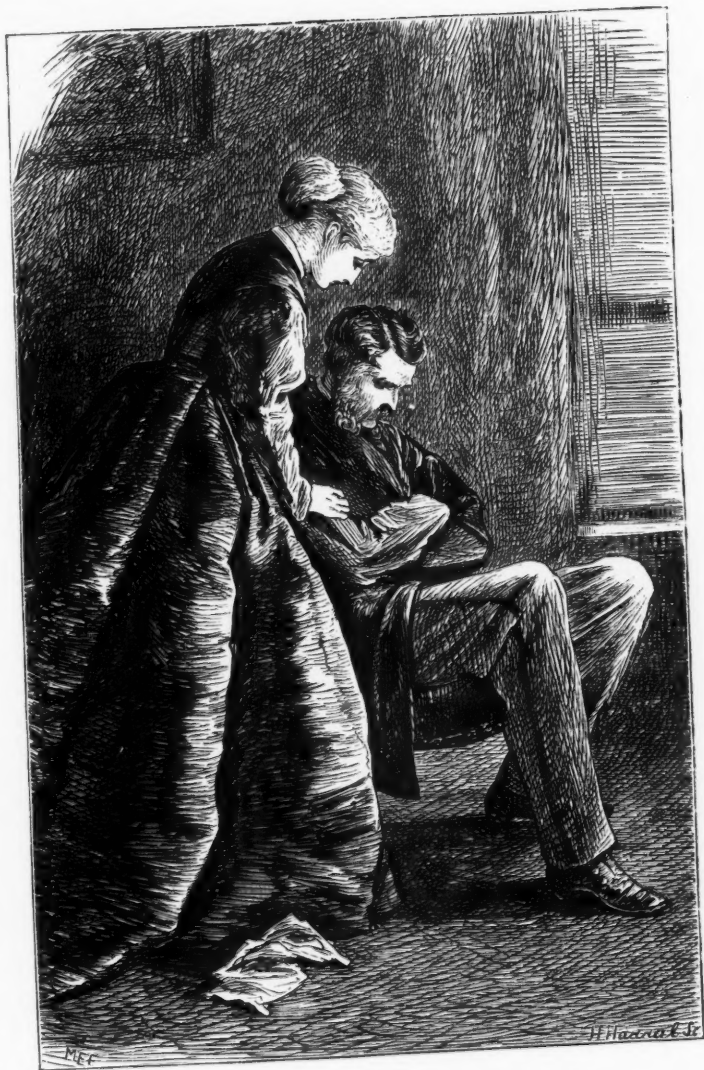
CHAPTER XIX.

THE BLUE POSTS.



II ; so you 'ave come to see me. I am so glad." With these words Sophie Gordeloup welcomed Harry Clavering to her room in Mount Street early one morning not long after her interview with Captain Archie in Lady Ongar's presence. On the previous evening Harry had received a note from Lady Ongar, in which she upbraided him for having left unperformed her commission with reference to Count Pateroff. The letter had begun quite abruptly. "I think it unkind of you that you do not come to me. I asked you to see a certain person on my behalf, and you have not done so. Twice he has been here. Once I was in truth out. He came again the next evening at nine, and I was then ill, and had gone to bed. You

understand it all, and must know how this annoys me. I thought you would have done this for me, and I thought I should have seen you.—J." This note he found at his lodgings when he returned home at night, and on the following morning he went in his despair direct to Mount Street, on his way to the Adelphi. It was not yet ten o'clock when he was shown into Madame Gordeloup's presence, and as regarded her dress he did not find her to be quite prepared for morning visitors. But he might well be indifferent on that matter as the lady seemed to disregard the circumstances altogether. On her head she wore what he took to be a nightcap, though I will not absolutely undertake to



"THE LORD GIVETH, AND THE LORD TAKETH AWAY"

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say that she had slept in that very head-dress. There were frills to it, and a certain attempt at prettiness had been made; but then the attempt had been made so long ago, and the frills were so ignorant of starch and all frillish propensities, that it hardly could pretend to decency. A great white wrapper she also wore, which might not have been objectionable had it not been so long worn that it looked like a university college surplice at the end of the long vacation. Her slippers had all the ease which age could give them, and above the slippers, neatness, to say the least of it, did not predominate. But Sophie herself seemed to be quite at her ease in spite of these deficiencies, and received our hero with an eager pointed welcome, which I can hardly describe as affectionate, and which Harry did not at all understand.

"I have to apologize for troubling you," he began.

"Trouble, what trouble? Bah! You give me no trouble. It is you have the trouble to come here. You come early and I have not got my crinoline. If you are contented, so am I." Then she smiled, and sat herself down suddenly, letting herself almost fall into her special corner in the sofa. "Take a chair, Mr. Harry; then we can talk more comfortable."

"I want especially to see your brother. Can you give me his address?"

"What? Edouard—certainly; Travellers' Club."

"But he is never there."

"He sends every day for his letters. You want to see him. Why?"

Harry was at once confounded, having no answer. "A little private business," he said.

"Ah; a little private business. You do not owe him a little money, I am afraid, or you would not want to see him. Ha, ha! You write to him, and he will see you. There;—there is paper and pen and ink. He shall get your letter this day."

Harry, nothing suspicious, did as he was bid, and wrote a note in which he simply told the count that he was specially desirous of seeing him.

"I will go to you anywhere," said Harry, "if you will name a place."

We, knowing Madame Gordeloup's habits, may feel little doubt but that she thought it her duty to become acquainted with the contents of the note before she sent it out of her house, but we may also know that she learned very little from it.

"It shall go, almost immediately," said Sophie, when the envelope was closed.

Then Harry got up to depart, having done his work. "What, you are going in that way at once? You are in a hurry?"

"Well, yes; I am in a hurry, rather, Madame Gordeloup. I have

got to be at my office, and I only just came up here to find out your brother's address." Then he rose and went, leaving the note behind him.

Then Madame Gordeloup, speaking to herself in French, called Harry Clavering a lout, a fool, an awkward overgrown boy, and a pig. She declared him to be a pig nine times over, then shook herself in violent disgust, and after that betook herself to the letter.

The letter was at any rate duly sent to the count, for before Harry had left Mr. Beilby's chambers on that day, Pateroff came to him there. Harry sat in the same room with other men, and therefore went out to see his acquaintance in a little antechamber that was used for such purposes. As he walked from one room to the other, he was conscious of the delicacy and difficulty of the task before him, and the colour was high in his face as he opened the door. But when he had done so, he saw that the count was not alone. A gentleman was with him, whom he did not introduce to Harry, and before whom Harry could not say that which he had to communicate.

"Pardon me," said the count, "but we are in railroad hurry. Nobody ever was in such a haste as I and my friend. You are not engaged to-morrow? No, I see. You dine with me and my friend at the Blue Posts. You know the Blue Posts?"

Harry said he did not know the Blue Posts.

"Then you shall know the Blue Posts. I will be your instructor. You drink claret. Come and see. You eat beefsteaks. Come and try. You love one glass of port wine with your cheese. No. But you shall love it when you have dined with me at the Blue Posts. We will dine altogether after the English way;—which is the best way in the world when it is quite good. It is quite good at the Blue Posts;—quite good! Seven o'clock. You are fined when a minute late; an extra glass of port wine a minute. Now I must go. Ah; yes. I am ruined already."

Then Count Pateroff, holding his watch in his hand, bolted out of the room before Harry could say a word to him.

He had nothing for it but to go to the dinner, and to the dinner he went. On that same evening, the evening of the day on which he had seen Sophie and her brother, he wrote to Lady Ongar, using to her the same manner of writing that she had used to him, and telling her that he had done his best, that he had now seen him whom he had been desired to see, but that he had not been able to speak to him. He was, however, to dine with him on the following day,—and would call in Bolton Street as soon as possible after that interview.

Exactly at seven o'clock, Harry, having the fear of the threatened fine before his eyes, was at the Blue Posts; and there, standing in the middle of the room, he saw Count Pateroff. With Count Pateroff was the same gentleman whom Harry had seen at the Adelphi, and whom the

count now introduced as Colonel Schmoff; and also a little Englishman with a knowing eye and a bull-dog neck, and whiskers cut very short and trim,—a horsey little man, whom the count also introduced. "Captain Boodle; says he knows a cousin of yours, Mr. Clavering."

Then Colonel Schmoff bowed, never yet having spoken a word in Harry's hearing, and our old friend Doodles with glib volubility told Harry how intimate he was with Archie, and how he knew Sir Hugh, and how he had met Lady Clavering, and how "doosed" glad he was to meet Harry himself on this present occasion.

"And now, my boys, we'll set down," said the count. "There's just a little soup, printanier; yes, they can make soup here; then a cut of salmon; and after that the beefsteak. Nothing more. Schmoff, my boy, can you eat beefsteak?"

Schmoff neither smiled nor spoke, but simply bowed his head gravely, and sitting down, arranged with slow exactness his napkin over his waistcoat and lap.

"Captain Boodle, can you eat beefsteak," said the count; "Blue Posts' beefsteak?"

"Try me," said Doodles. "That's all. Try me."

"I will try you, and I will try Mr. Clavering. Schmoff would eat a horse if he had not a bullock, and a piece of a jackass if he had not a horse."

"I did eat a horse in Hamboro' once. We was besieged."

So much said Schmoff, very slowly, in a deep bass voice, speaking from the bottom of his chest, and frowning very heavily as he did so. The exertion was so great that he did not repeat it for a considerable time.

"Thank God we are not besieged now," said the count, as the soup was handed round to them. "Ah, Albert, my friend, that is good soup; very good soup. My compliments to the excellent Stubbs. Mr. Clavering, the excellent Stubbs is the cook. I am quite at home here and they do their best for me. You need not fear you will have any of Schmoff's horse."

This was all very pleasant, and Harry Clavering sat down to his dinner prepared to enjoy it; but there was a sense about him during the whole time that he was being taken in and cheated, and that the count would cheat him and actually escape away from him on that evening without his being able to speak a word to him. They were dining in a public room, at a large table which they had to themselves, while others were dining at small tables round them. Even if Schmoff and Boodle had not been there, he could hardly have discussed Lady Ongar's private affairs in such a room as that. The count had brought him there to dine in this way with a premeditated purpose of throwing him over, pretending to give him the meeting that had been asked for, but intending that it should pass by and be of no avail. Such was Harry's belief, and he

resolved that, though he might have to seize Pateroff by the tails of his coat, the count should not escape him without having been forced at any rate to hear what he had to say. In the meantime the dinner went on very pleasantly.

"Ah," said the count, "there is no fish like salmon early in the year; but not too early. And it should come alive from Grove, and be cooked by Stubbs."

"And eaten by me," said Boodle.

"Under my auspices," said the count, "and then all is well. Mr. Clavering, a little bit near the head? Not care about any particular part? That is wrong. Everybody should always learn what is the best to eat of everything, and get it if they can."

"By George, I should think so," said Doodles. "I know I do."

"Not to know the bit out of the neck of the salmon from any other bit, is not to know a false note from a true one. Not to distinguish a '51 wine from a '58, is to look at an arm or a leg on the canvas, and to care nothing whether it is in drawing, or out of drawing. Not to know Stubbs' beefsteak from other beefsteaks, is to say that every woman is the same thing to you. Only, Stubbs will let you have his beefsteak if you will pay him,—him or his master. With the beautiful woman it is not always so;—not always. Do I make myself understood?"

"Clear as mud," said Doodles. "I'm quite along with you there. Why should a man be ashamed of eating what's nice. Everybody does it."

"No, Captain Boodle; not everybody. Some cannot get it, and some do not know it when it comes in their way. They are to be pitied. I do pity them from the bottom of my heart. But there is one poor fellow I do pity more even than they."

There was something in the tone of the count's words,—a simple pathos, and almost a melody, which interested Harry Clavering. No one knew better than Count Pateroff how to use all the inflexions of his voice, and produce from the phrases he used the very highest interest which they were capable of producing. He now spoke of his pity in a way that might almost have made a sensitive man weep. "Who is it that you pity so much?" Harry asked.

"The man who cannot digest," said the count, in a low clear voice. Then he bent down his head over the morsel of food on his plate, as though he were desirous of hiding a tear. "The man who cannot digest!" As he repeated the words he raised his head again, and looked round at all their faces.

"Yes, yes;—mein Gott, yes," said Schmooff, and even he appeared as though he were almost moved from the deep quietude of his inward indifference.

"Ah; talk of blessings! What a blessing is digestion!" said the

count. "I do not know whether you have ever thought of it, Captain Boddle? You are young, and perhaps not. Or you, Mr. Clavering? It is a subject worthy of your thoughts. To digest! Do you know what it means. It is to have the sun always shining, and the shade always ready for you. It is to be met with smiles, and to be greeted with kisses. It is to hear sweet sounds, to sleep with sweet dreams, to be touched ever by gentle, soft, cool hands. It is to be in paradise. Adam and Eve were in paradise. Why? Their digestion was good. Ah! then they took liberties, eat bad fruit,—things they could not digest. They what we call, ruined their constitutions, destroyed their gastric juices, and then they were expelled from paradise by an angel with a flaming sword. The angel with the flaming sword, which turned two ways, was indigestion! There came a great indigestion upon the earth because the cooks were bad, and they called it a deluge. Ah, I thank God there is to be no more deluges. All the evils come from this. Macbeth could not sleep. It was the supper, not the murder. His wife talked and walked. It was the supper again. Milton had a bad digestion because he is always so cross; and your Carlyle must have the worst digestion in the world, because he never says any good of anything. Ah, to digest is to be happy! Believe me, my friends, there is no other way not to be turned out of paradise by a fiery two-handed turning sword."

"It is true," said Schmoff; "yes, it is true."

"I believe you," said Doodles. "And how well the count describes it, don't he, Mr. Clavering. I never looked at it in that light; but, after all, digestion is everything. What is a horse worth, if he won't feed?"

"I never thought much about it," said Harry.

"That is very good," said the great preacher. "Not to think about it ever is the best thing in the world. You will be made to think about it if there be necessity. A friend of mine told me he did not know whether he had a digestion. My friend, I said, you are like the husbandmen; you do not know your own blessings. A bit more steak, Mr. Clavering; see, it has come up hot, just to prove that you have the blessing."

There was a pause in the conversation for a minute or two, during which Schmoff and Doodles were very busy giving the required proof; and the count was leaning back in his chair, with a smile of conscious wisdom on his face, looking as though he were in deep consideration of the subject on which he had just spoken with so much eloquence. Harry did not interrupt the silence, as, foolishly, he was allowing his mind to carry itself away from the scene of enjoyment that was present, and trouble itself with the coming battle which he would be obliged to fight with the count. Schmoff was the first to speak. "When I was eating a horse at Hamboro'——" he began.

"Schmoff," said the count, "if we allow you to get behind the ram-parts of that besieged city, we shall have to eat that horse for the rest of

the evening. Captain Boodle, if you will believe me, I eat that horse once for two hours. Ah, here is the port wine. Now, Mr. Clavering, this is the wine for cheese;—'34. No man should drink above two glasses of '34. If you want port after that, then have '20."

Schmoff had certainly been hardly treated. He had scarcely spoken a word during dinner, and should, I think, have been allowed to say something of the flavour of the horse. It did not, however, appear from his countenance that he had felt, or that he resented the interference; though he did not make any further attempt to enliven the conversation.

They did not sit long over their wine, and the count, in spite of what he had said about the claret, did not drink any. "Captain Boodle," he said, "you must respect my weakness as well as my strength. I know what I can do, and what I cannot. If I were a real hero, like you English,—which means, if I had an ostrich in my inside,—I would drink till twelve every night, and eat broiled bones till six every morning. But alas! the ostrich has not been given to me. As a common man I am pretty well, but I have no heroic capacities. We will have a little chasse, and then we will smoke.

Harry began to be very nervous. How was he to do it? It had become clearer and clearer to him through every ten minutes of the dinner, that the count did not intend to give him any moment for private conversation. He felt that he was cheated and ill-used, and was waxing angry. They were to go and smoke in a public room, and he knew, or thought he knew, what that meant. The count would sit there till he went, and had brought the Colonel Schmoff with him, so that he might be sure of some ally to remain by his side and ensure silence. And the count, doubtless, had calculated that when Captain Boodle went, as he soon would go, to his billiards, he, Harry Clavering, would feel himself compelled to go also. No! It should not result in that way. Harry resolved that he would not go. He had his mission to perform and he would perform it, even if he were compelled to do so in the presence of Colonel Schmoff.

Doodles soon went. He could not sit long with the simple gratification of a cigar, without gin-and-water or other comfort of that kind, even though the eloquence of Count Pateroff might be excited in his favour. He was a man, indeed, who did not love to sit still, even with the comfort of gin-and-water. An active little man was Captain Boodle, always doing something or anxious to do something in his own line of business. Small speculations in money, so concocted as to leave the risk against him smaller than the chance on his side, constituted Captain Boodle's trade; and in that trade he was indefatigable, ingenious, and, to a certain extent, successful. The worst of the trade was this; that though he worked at it above twelve hours a day, to the exclusion of all other interests in life, he could only make out of it an income which would have been considered

a beggarly failure at any other profession. When he netted a pound a day he considered himself to have done very well; but he could not do that every day in the week. To do it often required unremitting exertion. And then, in spite of all his care, misfortunes would come. "A cursed garron, of whom nobody had ever heard the name! If a man mayn't take a liberty with such a brute as that, when is he to take a liberty?" So had he expressed himself plaintively, endeavouring to excuse himself, when on some occasion a race had been won by some outside horse which Captain Boodle had omitted to make safe in his betting-book. He was regarded by his intimate friends as a very successful man; but I think myself that his life was a mistake. To live with one's hands ever daubed with chalk from a billiard-table, to be always spying into stables and rubbing against grooms, to put up with the narrow lodgings which needy men encounter at race meetings, to be day after day on the rails running after platers and steeplechasers, to be conscious on all occasions of the expediency of selling your beast when you are hunting, to be counting up little odds at all your spare moments;—these things do not, I think, make a satisfactory life for a young man. And for a man that is not young, they are the very devil! Better have no digestion when you are forty than find yourself living such a life as that! Captain Boodle would, I think, have been happier had he contrived to get himself employed as a tax-gatherer or an attorney's clerk.

On this occasion Doodles soon went, as had been expected, and Harry found himself smoking with the two foreigners. Pateroff was no longer eloquent, but sat with his cigar in his mouth as silent as Colonel Schmoff himself. It was evidently expected of Harry that he should go.

"Count," he said at last, "you got my note?" There were seven or eight persons sitting in the room besides the party of three to which Harry belonged.

"Your note, Mr. Clavering! which note? Oh, yes; I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you here to-day but for that."

"Can you give me five minutes in private?"

"What! now! here! this evening! after dinner? Another time I will talk with you by the hour together."

"I fear I must trouble you now. I need not remind you that I could not keep you yesterday morning; you were so much hurried."

"And now I am having my little moment of comfort! These special business conversations after dinner are so bad for the digestion!"

"If I could have caught you before dinner, Count Pateroff, I would have done so."

"If it must be, it must. Schmoff, will you wait for me ten minutes? I will not be more than ten minutes." And the count as he made this promise looked at his watch. "Waiter," he said, speaking in a sharp tone which Harry had not heard before, "show this gentleman and me

into a private room." Harry got up and led the way out, not forgetting to assure himself that he cared nothing for the sharpness of the count's voice.

"Now, Mr. Clavering, what is it?" said the count, looking full into Harry's eye.

"I will tell you in two words."

"In one if you can."

"I came with a message to you from Lady Ongar."

"Why are you a messenger from Lady Ongar?"

"I have known her long and she is connected with my family."

"Why does she not send her messages by Sir Hugh,—her brother-in-law?"

"It is hardly for you to ask that?"

"Yes; it is for me to ask that. I have known Lady Ongar well, and have treated her with kindness. I do not want to have messages by anybody. But go on. If you are a messenger, give your message."

"Lady Ongar bids me tell you that she cannot see you."

"But she must see me. She shall see me!"

"I am to explain to you that she declines to do so. Surely, Count Pateroff, you must understand——"

"Ah, bah; I understand everything;—in such matters as these, better, perhaps, than you, Mr. Clavering. You have given your message. Now, as you are a messenger, will you give mine?"

"That will depend altogether on its nature."

"Sir, I never send uncivil words to a woman, though sometimes I may be tempted to speak them to a man; when, for instance, a man interferes with me; do you understand? My message is this:—tell her ladyship, with my compliments, that it will be better for her to see me,—better for her, and for me. When that poor lord died,—and he had been, mind, my friend for many years before her ladyship had heard his name,—I was with him; and there were occurrences of which you know nothing and need know nothing. I did my best then to be courteous to Lady Ongar, which she returns by shutting her door in my face. I do not mind that. I am not angry with a woman. But tell her that when she has heard what I now say to her by you, she will, I do not doubt, think better of it; and therefore I shall do myself the honour of presenting myself at her door again. Good-night, Mr. Clavering; au revoir; we will have another of Stubbs' little dinners before long." As he spoke these last words the count's voice was again changed, and the old smile had returned to his face.

Harry shook hands with him and walked away homewards, not without a feeling that the count had got the better of him, even to the end. He had, however, learned how the land lay, and could explain to Lady Ongar that Count Pateroff now knew her wishes and was determined to disregard them.

CHAPTER XX.

DESOLATION.

IN the meantime there was grief down at the great house of Clavering; and grief, we must suppose also, at the house in Berkeley Square, as soon as the news from his country home had reached Sir Hugh Clavering. Little Hughy, his heir, was dead. Early one morning, Mrs. Clavering, at the rectory, received a message from Lady Clavering, begging that she would go up to the house, and, on arriving there, she found that the poor child was very ill. The doctor was then at Clavering, and had recommended that a message should be sent to the father in London, begging him to come down. This message had been already despatched when Mrs. Clavering arrived. The poor mother was in a state of terrible agony, but at that time there was yet hope. Mrs. Clavering then remained with Lady Clavering for two or three hours; but just before dinner on the same day another messenger came across to say that hope was past, and that the child had gone. Could Mrs. Clavering come over again, as Lady Clavering was in a sad way?

"You'll have your dinner first?" said the rector.

"No, I think not. I shall wish to make her take something, and I can do it better if I ask for tea for myself. I will go at once. Poor dear little boy."

"It was a blow I always feared," said the rector to his daughter as soon as his wife had left them. "Indeed, I knew that it was coming."

"And she was always fearing it," said Fanny. "But I do not think he did. He never seems to think that evil will come to him."

"He will feel this," said the rector.

"Feel it, papa! Of course he will feel it."

"I do not think he would,—not deeply, that is,—if there were four or five of them. He is a hard man;—the hardest man I ever knew. Who ever saw him playing with his own child, or with any other? Who ever heard him say a soft word to his wife? But he will be hit now, for this child was his heir. He will be hit hard now, and I pity him."

Mrs. Clavering went across the park alone, and soon found herself in the poor bereaved mother's room. She was sitting by herself, having driven the old housekeeper away from her; and there were no traces of tears then on her face, though she had wept plentifully when Mrs. Clavering had been with her in the morning. But there had come upon her suddenly a look of age, which nothing but such sorrow as this can produce. Mrs. Clavering was surprised to see that she had dressed herself carefully since the morning, as was her custom to do daily, even when alone; and that she was not in her bedroom, but in a small sitting-room which she generally used when Sir Hugh was not at the park.

"My poor Hermione," said Mrs. Clavering, coming up to her, and taking her by the hand.

"Yes, I am poor; poor enough. Why have they troubled you to come across again?"

"Did you not send for me? But it was quite right, whether you sent or no. Of course I should come when I heard it. It cannot be good for you to be all alone."

"I suppose he will be here to-night?"

"Yes, if he got your message before three o'clock."

"Oh, he will have received it, and I suppose he will come. You think he will come, eh?"

"Of course he will come."

"I do not know. He does not like coming to the country."

"He will be sure to come now, Hermione."

"And who will tell him? Some one must tell him before he comes to me. Should there not be some one to tell him? They have sent another message."

"Hannah shall be at hand to tell him." Hannah was the old house-keeper, who had been in the family when Sir Hugh was born. "Or, if you wish it, Henry shall come down and remain here. I am sure he will do so, if it will be a comfort."

"No; he would, perhaps, be rough to Mr. Clavering. He is so very hard. Hannah shall do it. Will you make her understand?" Mrs. Clavering promised that she would do this, wondering, as she did so, at the wretched, frigid immobility of the unfortunate woman before her. She knew Lady Clavering well;—knew her to be in many things weak, to be worldly, listless, and perhaps somewhat selfish; but she knew also that she had loved her child as mothers always love. Yet, at this moment, it seemed that she was thinking more of her husband than of the bairn she had lost. Mrs. Clavering had sat down by her and taken her hand, and was still so sitting in silence when Lady Clavering spoke again. "I suppose he will turn me out of his house now," she said.

"Who will do so? Hugh? Oh, Hermione, how can you speak in such a way?"

"He scolded me before because my poor darling was not strong. My darling! How could I help it? And he scolded me because there was none other but he. He will turn me out altogether now. Oh, Mrs. Clavering, you do not know how hard he is."

Anything was better than this, and therefore Mrs. Clavering asked the poor woman to take her into the room where the little body lay in its little cot. If she could induce the mother to weep for the child, even that would be better than this hard persistent fear as to what her husband would say and do. So they both went and stood together over the little fellow whose short sufferings had thus been brought to an end. "My poor dear, what can I say to comfort you?" Mrs. Clavering, as she

asked this, knew well that no comfort could be spoken in words; but—if she could only make the sufferer weep!

"Comfort!" said the mother. "There is no comfort now, I believe, in anything. It is long since I knew any comfort;—not since Julia went."

"Have you written to Julia?"

"No; I have written to no one. I cannot write. I feel as though if it were to bring him back again I could not write of it. My boy! my boy! my boy!" But still there was not a tear in her eye.

"I will write to Julia," said Mrs. Clavering; "and I will read to you my letter."

"No, do not read it me. What is the use? He has made her quarrel with me. Julia cares nothing now for me, or for my angel. Why should she care? When she came home we would not see her. Of course she will not care. Who is there that will care for me?"

"Do not I care for you, Hermione?"

"Yes, because you are here; because of the nearness of the houses. If you lived far away you would not care for me. It is just the custom of the thing." There was something so true in this that Mrs. Clavering could make no answer to it. Then they turned to go back into the sitting-room, and as they did so Lady Clavering lingered behind for a moment; but when she was again with Mrs. Clavering her cheek was still dry.

"He will be at the station at nine," said Lady Clavering. "They must send the brougham for him, or the dog-cart. He will be very angry if he is made to come home in the fly from the public-house." Then the elder lady left the room and gave orders that Sir Hugh should be met by his carriage. What must the wife think of her husband, when she feared that he would be angered by little matters at such a time as this! "Do you think it will make him very unhappy?" Lady Clavering asked.

"Of course it will make him unhappy. How should it be otherwise?"

"He had said so often that the child would die. He will have got used to the fear."

"His grief will be as fresh now as though he had never thought so, and never said so."

"He is so hard; and then he has such will, such power. He will thrust it off from him and determine that it shall not oppress him. I know him so well."

"We should all make some exertion like that in our sorrow, trusting to God's kindness to relieve us. You too, Hermione, should determine also; but not yet, my dear. At first it is better to let sorrow have its way."

"But he will determine at once. You remember when Meeny went." Meeny had been a little girl who had been born before the boy, and who had died when little more than twelve months old. "He did not expect

that ; but then he only shook his head, and went out of the room. He has never spoken to me one word of her since that. I think he has forgotten Meeny altogether,—even that she was ever here.”

“He cannot forget the boy who was his heir.”

“Ah, that is where it is. He will say words to me which would make you creep if you could hear them. Yes, my darling was his heir. Archie will marry now, and will have children, and his boy will be the heir. There will be more division and more quarrels, for Hugh will hate his brother now.”

“I do not understand why.”

“Because he is so hard. It is a pity he should ever have married, for he wants nothing that a wife can do for him. He wanted a boy to come after him in the estate, and now that glory has been taken from him. Mrs. Clavering, I often wish that I could die.”

It would be bootless here to repeat the words of wise and loving counsel with which the elder of the two ladies endeavoured to comfort the younger, and to make her understand what were the duties which still remained to her, and which, if they were rightly performed, would in their performance, soften the misery of her lot. Lady Clavering listened with that dull, useless attention which on such occasions sorrow always gives to the prudent counsels of friendship ; but she was thinking ever and always of her husband, and watching the moment of his expected return. In her heart she wished that he might not come on that evening. At last, at half-past nine, she exerted herself to send away her visitor.

“He will be here soon, if he comes to-night,” Lady Clavering said, “and it will be better that he should find me alone.”

“Will it be better ? ”

“Yes, yes. Cannot you see how he would frown and shake his head if you were here ? I would sooner be alone when he comes. Good-night. You have been very kind to me ; but you are always kind. Things are done kindly always at your house, because there is so much love there. You will write to Julia for me. Good-night.” Then Mrs. Clavering kissed her and went, thinking as she walked home in the dark to the rectory, how much she had to be thankful in that these words had been true which her poor neighbour had spoken. Her house was full of love.

For the next half hour Lady Clavering sat alone listening with eager ear for the sound of her husband’s wheels, and at last she had almost told herself that the hour for his coming had gone by, when she heard the rapid grating on the gravel as the dog-cart was driven up to the door. She ran out on to the corridor, but her heart sank within her as she did so, and she took tightly hold of the balustrade to support herself. For a moment she had thought of running down to meet him ;—of trusting to the sadness of the moment to produce in him, if it were but for a minute

something of tender solicitude; but she remembered that the servants would be there, and knew that he would not be soft before them. She remembered also that the housekeeper had received her instructions, and she feared to disarrange the settled programme. So she went back to the open door of the room, that her retreating step might not be heard by him as he should come up to her, and standing there she still listened. The house was silent and her ears were acute with sorrow. She could hear the movement of the old woman as she gently, trembling, as Lady Clavering knew, made her way down the hall to meet her master. Sir Hugh of course had learned his child's fate already from the servant who had met him; but it was well that the ceremony of such telling should be performed. She felt the cold air come in from the opened front door, and she heard her husband's heavy quick step as he entered. Then she heard the murmur of Hannah's voice; but the first word she heard was in her husband's tones, "Where is Lady Clavering?" Then the answer was given, and the wife knowing that he was coming, retreated back to her chair.

But still he did not come quite at once. He was pulling off his coat and laying aside his hat and gloves. Then came upon her a feeling that at such a time any other husband and wife would have been at once in each other's arms. And at the moment she thought of all that they had lost. To her her child had been all and everything. To him he had been his heir and the prop of his house. The boy had been the only link that had still bound them together. Now he was gone, and there was no longer any link between them. He was gone and she had nothing left to her. He was gone, and the father was also alone in the world, without any heir and with no prop to his house. She thought of all this as she heard his step coming slowly up the stairs. Slowly he came along the passage, and though she dreaded his coming it almost seemed as though he would never be there.

When he had entered the room she was the first to speak. "Oh, Hugh!" she exclaimed, "oh, Hugh!" He had closed the door before he uttered a word, and then he threw himself into a chair. There were candles near to him and she could see that his countenance also was altered. He had indeed been stricken hard, and his half-stunned face showed the violence of the blow. The harsh, cruel, selfish man had at last been made to suffer. Although he had spoken of it and had expected it, the death of his heir hit him hard, as the rector had said.

"When did he die?" asked the father.

"It was past four I think." Then there was again silence, and Lady Clavering went up to her husband and stood close by his shoulder. At last she ventured to put her hand upon him. With all her own misery heavy upon her, she was chiefly thinking at this moment how she might soothe him. She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and by degrees she moved it softly to his breast. Then he raised his own hand and with it

moved hers from his person. He did it gently;—but what was the use of such nonsense as that?

"The Lord giveth," said the wife, "and the Lord taketh away." Hearing this Sir Hugh made with his head a gesture of impatience. "Blessed be the name of the Lord," continued Lady Clavering. Her voice was low and almost trembling, and she repeated the words as though they were a task which she had set herself.

"That's all very well in its way," said he, "but what's the special use of it now. I hate twaddle. One must bear one's misfortune as one best can. I don't believe that kind of thing ever makes it lighter."

"They say it does, Hugh."

"Ah! they say! Have they ever tried? If you have been living up to that kind of thing all your life, it may be very well;—that is as well at one time as another. But it won't give me back my boy."

"No, Hugh; he will never come back again; but we may think that he's in Heaven."

"If that is enough for you, let it be so. But don't talk to me of it. I don't like it. It doesn't suit me. I had only one, and he has gone. It is always the way." He spoke of the child as having been his—not his and hers. She felt this, and understood the want of affection which it conveyed; but she said nothing of it.

"Oh, Hugh; what could we do? It was not our fault."

"Who is talking of any fault? I have said nothing as to fault. He was always poor and sickly. The Claverings, generally, have been so strong. Look at myself, and Archie, and my sisters. Well, it cannot be helped. Thinking of it will not bring him back again. You had better tell some one to get me something to eat. I came away, of course, without any dinner."

She herself had eaten nothing since the morning, but she neither spoke nor thought of that. She rang the bell, and going out into the passage gave the servant the order on the stairs.

"It is no good my staying here," he said. "I will go and dress. It is the best not to think of such things,—much the best. People call that heartless, of course, but then people are fools. If I were to sit still, and think of it for a week together, what good could I do?"

"But how not to think of it? that is the thing."

"Women are different, I suppose. I will dress and then go down to the breakfast-room. Tell Saunders to get me a bottle of champagne. You will be better also if you will take a glass of wine."

It was the first word he had spoken which showed any care for her, and she was grateful for it. As he arose to go, she came close to him again, and put her hand very gently on his arm. "Hugh," she said, "will you not see him?"

"What good will that do?"

"I think you would regret it if you were to let them take him away

without looking at him. He is so pretty as he lays in his little bed. I thought you would come with me to see him." He was more gentle with her than she had expected, and she led him away to the room which had been their own, and in which the child had died.

"Why here?" he said, almost angrily, as he entered.

"I have had him here with me since you went."

"He should not be here now," he said, shuddering. "I wish he had been moved before I came. I will not have this room any more; remember that." She led him up to the foot of the little cot, which stood close by the head of her own bed, and then she removed a handkerchief which lay upon the child's face.

"Oh, Hugh! oh, Hugh!" she said, and, throwing her arms round his neck, she wept violently upon his breast. For a few moments he did not disturb her, but stood looking at his boy's face. "Hugh, Hugh," she repeated, "will you not be kind to me? Do be kind to me. It is not my fault that we are childless."

Still he endured her for a few moments longer. He spoke no word to her, but he let her remain there, with her head upon his breast.

"Dear Hugh, I love you so truly!"

"This is nonsense," said he, "sheer nonsense." His voice was low and very hoarse. "Why do you talk of kindness now?"

"Because I am so wretched."

"What have I done to make you wretched?"

"I do not mean that; but if you will be gentle with me, it will comfort me. Do not leave me here all alone, now my darling has been taken from me."

Then he shook her from him, not violently, but with a persistent action.

"Do you mean that you want to go up to town?" he said.

"Oh, no; not that."

"Then what is it you want? Where would you live, if not here?"

"Anywhere you please, only that you should stay with me."

"All that is nonsense. I wonder that you should talk of such things now. Come away from this, and let me go to my room. All this is trash and nonsense, and I hate it." She put back with careful hands the piece of cambric which she had moved, and then, seating herself on a chair, wept violently, with her hands closed upon her face. "That comes of bringing me here," he said. "Get up, Hermione. I will not have you so foolish. Get up, I say. I will have the room closed till the men come."

"Oh, no!"

"Get up, I say, and come away." Then she rose, and followed him out of the chamber, and when he went to change his clothes she returned to the room in which he had found her. There she sat and wept, while he went down and dined and drank alone. But the old housekeeper

brought her up a morsel of food and a glass of wine, saying that her master desired that she would take it.

"I will not leave you, my lady, till you have done so," said Hannah. "To fast so long must be bad always."

Then she eat the food, and drank a drop of wine, and allowed the old woman to take her away to the bed that had been prepared for her. Of her husband she saw no more for four days. On the next morning a note was brought to her, in which Sir Hugh told her that he had returned to London. It was necessary, he said, that he should see his lawyer and his brother. He and Archie would return for the funeral. With reference to that he had already given orders.

During the next three days, and till her husband's return, Lady Clavering remained at the rectory, and in the comfort of Mrs. Clavering's presence she almost felt that it would be well for her if those days could be prolonged. But she knew the hour at which her husband would return, and she took care to be at home when he arrived. "You will come and see him?" she said to the rector, as she left the parsonage. "You will come at once;—in an hour or two?" Mr. Clavering remembered the circumstances of his last visit to the house, and the declaration he had then made that he would not return there. But all that could not now be considered.

"Yes," he said, "I will come across this evening. But you had better tell him, so that he need not be troubled to see me if he would rather be alone."

"Oh, he will see you. Of course he will see you. And you will not remember that he ever offended you?"

Mrs. Clavering had written both to Julia and to Harry, and the day of the funeral had been settled. Harry had already communicated his intention of coming down; and Lady Ongar had replied to Mrs. Clavering's letter, saying that she could not now offer to go to Clavering Park, but that if her sister would go elsewhere with her,—to some place, perhaps, on the sea-side,—she would be glad to accompany her; and she used many arguments in her letter to show that such an arrangement as this had better be made.

"You will be with my sister," she had said; "and she will understand why I do not write to her myself, and will not think that it comes from coldness." This had been written before Lady Ongar saw Harry Clavering.

Mr. Clavering, when he got to the great house, was immediately shown into the room in which the baronet and his younger brother were sitting. They had, some time since, finished dinner, but the decanters were still on the table before them. "Hugh," said the rector, walking up to his elder nephew, briskly, "I grieve for you. I grieve for you from the bottom of my heart."

"Yes," said Hugh, "it has been a heavy blow. Sit down, uncle.

There is a clean glass there; or Archie will fetch you one." Then Archie looked out a clean glass and passed the decanter; but of this the rector took no direct notice.

"It has been a blow, my poor boy,—a heavy blow," said the rector. "None heavier could have fallen. But our sorrows come from Heaven, as do our blessings, and must be accepted."

"We are all like grass," said Archie, "and must be cut down in our turns." Archie, in saying this, intended to put on his best behaviour. He was as sincere as he knew how to be.

"Come, Archie, none of that," said his brother. "It is my uncle's trade."

"Hugh," said the rector, "unless you can think of it so, you will find no comfort."

"And I expect none, so there is an end of that. Different people think of these things differently, you know, and it is of no more use for me to bother you than it is for you to bother me. My boy has gone, and I know that he will not come back to me. I shall never have another, and it is hard to bear. But, meaning no offence to you, I would sooner be left to bear it in my own way. If I were to talk about the grass as Archie did just now, it would be humbug, and I hate humbug. No offence to you. Take some wine, uncle."

But the rector could not drink wine in that presence, and therefore he escaped as soon as he could. He spoke one word of intended comfort to Lady Clavering, and then returned to the rectory.

CHAPTER XXI.

YES; WRONG;—CERTAINLY WRONG.

HARRY CLAVERING had heard the news of his little cousin's death before he went to Bolton Street to report the result of his negotiation with the count. His mother's letter with the news had come to him in the morning, and on the same evening he called on Lady Ongar. She also had then received Mrs. Clavering's letter, and knew what had occurred at the park. Harry found her alone, having asked the servant whether Madame Gordeloup was with his mistress. Had such been the case he would have gone away, and left his message untold.

As he entered the room his mind was naturally full of the tidings from Clavering. Count Pateroff and his message had lost some of their importance through this other event, and the emptiness of the childless house was the first subject of conversation between him and Lady Ongar. "I pity my sister greatly," said she. "I feel for her as deeply as I should have done had nothing occurred to separate us;—but I cannot feel for him."

"I do," said Harry.

"He is your cousin, and perhaps has been your friend?"

"No, not especially. He and I have never pulled well together; but still I pity him deeply."

"He is not my cousin, but I know him better than you do, Harry. He will not feel much himself, and his sorrow will be for his heir, not for his son. He is a man whose happiness does not depend on the life or death of any one. He likes some people, as he once liked me; but I do not think that he ever loved any human being. He will get over it, and he will simply wish that Hermy may die, that he may marry another wife. Harry, I know him so well!"

"Archie will marry now," said Harry.

"Yes; if he can get any one to have him. There are very few men who can't get wives, but I can fancy Archie Clavering to be one of them. He has not humility enough to ask the sort of girl who would be glad to take him. Now, with his improved prospects, he will want a royal princess or something not much short of it. Money, rank, and blood might have done before, but he'll expect youth, beauty, and wit now, as well as the other things. He may marry after all, for he is just the man to walk out of a church some day with the cookmaid under his arm as his wife."

"Perhaps he may find something between a princess and a cookmaid."

"I hope, for your sake, he may not;—neither a princess nor a cookmaid, nor anything between."

"He has my leave to marry to-morrow, Lady Ongar. If I had my wish, Hugh should have his house full of children."

"Of course that is the proper thing to say, Harry."

"I won't stand that from you, Lady Ongar. What I say, I mean; and no one knows that better than you."

"Won't you, Harry? From whom, then, if not from me? But come, I will do you justice, and believe you to be simple enough to wish anything of the kind. The sort of castle in the air which you build, is not one to be had by inheritance, but to be taken by storm. You must fight for it."

"Or work for it."

"Or win it in some way off your own bat; and no lord ever sat prouder in his castle than you sit in those that you build from day to day in your imagination. And you sally forth and do all manner of magnificent deeds. You help distressed damsels,—poor me, for instance; and you attack enormous dragons;—shall I say that Sophie Gordeloup is the latest dragon?—and you wish well to your enemies, such as Hugh and Archie; and you cut down enormous forests, which means your coming miracles as an engineer;—and then you fall gloriously in love. When is that last to be, Harry?"

"I suppose, according to all precedent, that must be done with the distressed damsel," he said,—fool that he was.

"No, Harry, no; you shall take your young fresh generous heart to a better market than that; not but that the distressed damsel will ever remember what might once have been."

He knew that he was playing on the edge of a precipice,—that he was fluttering as a moth round a candle. He knew that it behoved him now at once to tell her all his tale as to Stratton and Florence Burton;—that if he could tell it now, the pang would be over and the danger gone. But he did not tell it. Instead of telling it he thought of Lady Ongar's beauty, of his own early love, of what might have been his had he not gone to Stratton. I think he thought, if not of her wealth, yet of the power and place which would have been his were it now open to him to ask her for her hand. When he had declared that he did not want his cousin's inheritance, he had spoken the simple truth. He was not covetous of another's money. Were Archie to marry as many wives as Henry, and have as many children as Priam, it would be no offence to him. His desires did not lie in that line. But in this other case, the woman before him who would so willingly have endowed him with all that she possessed, had been loved by him before he had ever seen Florence Burton. In all his love for Florence,—so he now told himself, but so told himself falsely,—he had ever remembered that Julia Brabazon had been his first love, the love whom he had loved with all his heart. But things had gone with him most unfortunately,—with a misfortune that had never been paralleled. It was thus he was thinking instead of remembering that now was the time in which his tale should be told.

Lady Ongar, however, soon carried him away from the actual brink of the precipice. "But how about the dragon," said she, "or rather about the dragon's brother, at whom you were bound to go and tilt on my behalf? Have you tilted, or are you a recreant knight?"

"I have tilted," said he, "but the he-dragon professes that he will not regard himself as killed. In other words he declares that he will see you."

"That he will see me?" said Lady Ongar, and as she spoke there came an angry spot on each cheek. "Does he send me that message as a threat?"

"He does not send it as a threat, but I think he partly means it so."

"He will find, Harry, that I will not see him; and that should he force himself into my presence, I shall know how to punish such an outrage. If he sent me any message, let me know it."

"To tell the truth he was most unwilling to speak to me at all, though he was anxious to be civil to me. When I had inquired for him some time in vain, he came to me with another man, and asked me to dinner.

So I went, and as there were four of us, of course I could not speak to him then. He still had the other man, a foreigner—"

"Colonel Schmoff, perhaps?"

"Yes; Colonel Schmoff. He kept Colonel Schmoff by him, so as to guard him from being questioned."

"That is so like him. Everything he does he does with some design,—with some little plan. Well, Harry, you might have ignored Colonel Schmoff for what I should have cared."

"I got the count to come out into another room at last, and then he was very angry,—with me, you know,—and talked of what he would do to men who interfered with him."

"You will not quarrel with him, Harry? Promise me that there shall be no nonsense of that sort,—no fighting."

"Oh, no; we were friends again very soon. But he bade me tell you that there was something important for him to say and for you to hear, which was no concern of mine, and which required an interview."

"I do not believe him, Harry."

"And he said that he had once been very courteous to you—"

"Yes; once insolent,—and once courteous. I have forgiven the one for the other."

"He then went on to say that you made him a poor return for his civility by shutting your door in his face, but that he did not doubt you would think better of it when you had heard his message. Therefore, he said, he should call again. That, Lady Ongar, was the whole of it."

"Shall I tell you what his intention was, Harry?" Again her face became red as she asked this question; but the colour which now came to her cheeks was rather that of shame than of anger.

"What was his intention?"

"To make you believe that I am in his power; to make you think that he has been my lover; to lower me in your eyes, so that you might believe all that others have believed,—all that Hugh Clavering has pretended to believe. That has been his object, Harry, and perhaps you will tell me what success he has had."

"Lady Ongar!"

"You know the old story, that the drop which is ever dropping will wear the stone. And after all why should your faith in me be as hard even as a stone?"

"Do you believe that what he said had any such effect?"

"It is very hard to look into another person's heart; and the dearer and nearer that heart is to your own, the greater, I think, is the difficulty. I know that man's heart,—what he calls his heart; but I don't know yours."

For a moment or two Clavering made no answer, and then, when he did speak, he went back from himself to the count.

"If what you surmise of him be true, he must be a very devil. He cannot be a man—"

"Man or devil, what matters which he be? Which is the worst, Harry, and what is the difference? The Fausts of this day want no Mephistopheles to teach them guile or to harden their hearts."

"I do not believe that there are such men. There may be one."

"One, Harry! What was Lord Ongar? What is your cousin Hugh? What is this Count Pateroff? Are they not all of the same nature; hard as stone, desirous simply of indulging their own appetites, utterly without one generous feeling, incapable even of the idea of caring for any one? Is it not so? In truth this count is the best of the three I have named. With him a woman would stand a better chance than with either of the others."

"Nevertheless, if that was his motive, he is a devil."

"He shall be a devil if you say so. He shall be anything you please, so long as he has not made you think evil of me."

"No; he has not done that."

"Then I don't care what he has done, or what he may do. You would not have me see him, would you?" This she asked with a sudden energy, throwing herself forward from her seat with her elbows on the table, and resting her face on her hands, as she had already done more than once when he had been there; so that the attitude, which became her well, was now customary in his eyes.

"You will hardly be guided by my opinion in such a matter."

"By whose, then, will I be guided? Nay, Harry, since you put me to a promise, I will make the promise. I will be guided by your opinion. If you bid me see him, I will do it,—though, I own, it would be distressing to me."

"Why should you see him, if you do not wish it?"

"I know no reason. In truth there is no reason. What he says about Lord Ongar is simply some part of his scheme. You see what his scheme is, Harry?"

"What is his scheme?"

"Simply this—that I should be frightened into becoming his wife. My darling bosom friend Sophie, who, as I take it, has not quite managed to come to satisfactory terms with her brother,—and I have no doubt her price for assistance has been high,—has informed me more than once that her brother desires to do me so much honour. The count, perhaps, thinks that he can manage such a bagatelle without any aid from his sister; and my dearest Sophie seems to feel that she can do better with me herself in my widowed state, than if I were to take another husband. They are so kind and so affectionate; are they not?"

At this moment tea was brought in, and Claverings sat for a time silent with his cup in his hand. She, the meanwhile, had resumed the old

position with her face upon her hands, which she had abandoned when the servant entered the room, and was now sitting looking at him as he sipped his tea with his eyes averted from her. "I cannot understand," at last he said, "why you should persist in your intimacy with such a woman."

"You have not thought about it, Harry, or you would understand it. It is, I think, very easily understood."

"You know her to be treacherous, false, vulgar, covetous, unprincipled. You cannot like her. You say she is a dragon."

"A dragon to you, I said."

"You cannot pretend that she is a lady, and yet you put up with her society."

"Exactly. And now tell me what you would have me do."

"I would have you part from her."

"But how? It is so easy to say, part. Am I to bar my door against her when she has given me no offence? Am I to forget that she did me great service, when I sorely needed such services? Can I tell her to her face that she is all these things that you say of her, and that therefore I will for the future dispense with her company? Or do you believe that people in this world associate only with those they love and esteem?"

"I would not have one for my intimate friend whom I did not love and esteem."

"But, Harry, suppose that no one loved and esteemed you; that you had no home down at Clavering with a father that admires you and a mother that worships you; no sisters that think you to be almost perfect, no comrades with whom you can work with mutual regard and emulation, no self-confidence, no high hopes of your own, no power of choosing companions whom you can esteem and love;—suppose with you it was Sophie Gordeloup or none,—how would it be with you then?"

His heart must have been made of stone if this had not melted it. He got up and coming round to her stood over her. "Julia," he said, "it is not so with you."

"But it is so with Julia," she said. "That is the truth. How am I better than her, and why should I not associate with her?"

"Better than her! As women you are poles asunder."

"But as dragons," she said, smiling, "we come together."

"Do you mean that you have no one to love you?"

"Yes, Harry; that is just what I do mean. I have none to love me. In playing my cards I have won my stakes in money and rank, but have lost the amount ten times told in affection, friendship, and that general unpronounced esteem which creates the fellowship of men and women in the world. I have a carriage and horses, and am driven about with grand servants; and people, as they see me, whisper and say that is

Lady Ongar, whom nobody knows. I can see it in their eyes till I fancy that I can hear their words."

"But it is all false."

"What is false? It is not false that I have deserved this. I have done that which has made me a fitting companion for such a one as Sophie Gordeloup, though I have not done that which perhaps these people think."

He paused again before he spoke, still standing near her on the rug. "Lady Ongar——" he said.

"Nay, Harry; not Lady Ongar when we are together thus. Let me feel that I have one friend who can dare to call me by my name,—from whose mouth I shall be pleased to hear my name. You need not fear that I shall think that it means too much. I will not take it as meaning what it used to mean."

He did not know how to go on with his speech, or in truth what to say to her. Florence Burton was still present to his mind, and from minute to minute he told himself that he would not become a villain. But now it had come to that with him, that he would have given all that he had in the world that he had never gone to Stratton. He sat down by her in silence, looking away from her at the fire, swearing to himself that he would not become a villain, and yet wishing, almost wishing, that he had the courage to throw his honour overboard. At last, half turning round towards her he took her hand, or rather took her first by the wrist till he could possess himself of her hand. As he did so he touched her hair and her cheek, and she let her hand drop till it rested in his. "Julia," he said, "what can I do to comfort you?" She did not answer him, but looked away from him as she sat, across the table into vacancy. "Julia," he said again, "is there anything that will comfort you?" But still she did not answer him.

He understood it all as well as the reader will understand it. He knew how it was with her, and was aware that he was at this instant false almost equally to her and to Florence. He knew that the question he had asked was one to which there could be made a true and satisfactory answer, but that his safety lay in the fact that that answer was all but impossible for her to give. Could she say, "Yes, you can comfort me. Tell me that you yet love me, and I will be comforted?" But he had not designed to bring her into such difficulty as this. He had not intended to be cruel. He had drifted into treachery unawares, and was torturing her, not because he was wicked, but because he was weak. He had held her hand now for some minute or two, but still she did not speak to him. Then he raised it and pressed it warmly to his lips.

"No, Harry," she said, jumping from her seat and drawing her hand rapidly from him; "no; it shall not be like that. Let it be Lady Ongar again if the sound of the other name brings back too closely the memory of other days. Let it be Lady Ongar again. I can understand that it

will be better." As she spoke she walked away from him across the room, and he followed her.

"Are you angry?" he asked her.

"No, Harry; not angry. How should I be angry with you who alone are left to me of my old friends? But, Harry, you must think for me, and spare me in my difficulty."

"Spare you, Julia?"

"Yes, Harry, spare me; you must be good to me and considerate, and make yourself like a brother to me. But people will know you are not a brother, and you must remember all that, for my sake. But you must not leave me or desert me. Anything that people might say would be better than that."

"Was I wrong to kiss your hand?"

"Yes, wrong, certainly wrong;—that is, not wrong, but unmindful."

"I did it," he said, "because I love you." And as he spoke the tears stood in both his eyes.

"Yes; you love me, and I you; but not with love that may show itself in that form. That was the old love, which I threw away, and which has been lost. That was at an end when I—jilted you. I am not angry; but you will remember that that love exists no longer? You will remember that, Harry?"

He sat himself down in a chair in a far part of the room, and two tears coursed their way down his cheeks. She stood over him and watched him as he wept. "I did not mean to make you sad," she said. "Come, we will be sad no longer. I understand it all. I know how it is with you. The old love is lost, but we will not the less be friends." Then he rose suddenly from his chair, and taking her in his arms, and holding her closely to his bosom, pressed his lips to hers.

He was so quick in this that she had not the power, even if she had the wish, to restrain him. But she struggled in his arms, and held her face aloof from him as she gently rebuked his passion. "No, Harry, no; not so," she said, "it must not be so."

"Yes, Julia, yes; it shall be so; ever so,—always so." And he was still holding her in his arms, when the door opened, and with stealthy, cat-like steps Sophie Gordeloup entered the room. Harry immediately retreated from his position, and Lady Ongar turned upon her friend, and glared upon her with angry eyes.

"Ah," said the little Franco-Pole, with an expression of infinite delight on her detestable visage, "ah, my dears, is it not well that I thus announce myself?"

"No," said Lady Ongar, "it is not well. It is anything but well."

"And why not well, Julie? Come, do not be foolish. Mr. Clavering is only a cousin, and a very handsome cousin, too. What does it signify before me?"

"It signifies nothing before you," said Lady Ongar.

"But before the servant, Julie——?"

"It would signify nothing before anybody."

"Come, come, Julie, dear; that is nonsense."

"Nonsense or no nonsense, I would wish to be private when I please. Will you tell me, Madame Gordeloup, what is your pleasure at the present moment?"

"My pleasure is to beg your pardon and to say you must forgive your poor friend. Your fine man-servant is out, and Bessy let me in. I told Bessy I would go up by myself, and that is all. If I have come too late I beg pardon."

"Not too late, certainly,—as I am still up."

"And I wanted to ask you about the pictures to-morrow? You said, perhaps you would go to-morrow,—perhaps not."

Clavering had found himself to be somewhat awkwardly situated while Madame Gordeloup was thus explaining the causes of her having come unannounced into the room; as soon, therefore, as he found it practicable, he took his leave. "Julia," he said, "as Madame Gordeloup is with you, I will now go."

"But you will let me see you soon?"

"Yes, very soon; that is, as soon as I return from Clavering. I leave town early to-morrow morning."

"Good-by, then," and she put out her hand to him frankly, smiling sweetly on him. As he felt the warm pressure of her hand he hardly knew whether to return it or to reject it. But he had gone too far now for retreat, and he held it firmly for a moment in his own. She smiled again upon him, oh! so passionately, and nodded her head at him. He had never, he thought, seen a woman look so lovely, or more light of heart. How different was her countenance now from that she had worn when she told him, earlier on that fatal evening, of all the sorrows that made her wretched! That nod of hers said so much. "We understand each other now,—do we not? Yes; although this spiteful woman has for the moment come between us, we understand each other. And is it not sweet? Ah! the troubles of which I told you;—you, you have cured them all." All that had been said plainly in her farewell salutation, and Harry had not dared to contradict it by any expression of his countenance.

"By, by, Mr. Clavering," said Sophie.

"Good evening, Madame Gordeloup," said Harry, turning upon her a look of bitter anger. Then he went, leaving the two women together, and walked home to Bloomsbury Square,—not with the heart of a joyous thriving lover.

Love's Light.

Last year she wandered through the wood,
 The Spring was on the breeze,
 And overhead, among the trees,
 The building cushats cooed and cooed ;
 And all around a hundred notes
 Poured fresh and sweet from warbling throats ;
 And she was gay with Earth's glad mood.

With girlish laughing glee she strayed
 Amid the primrose flowers,
 And from the hawthorn shook in showers
 The fragrant blossoms—wanton maid—
 And making havoc as she went,
 Her merry voice glad snatches sent
 Of song and carol through the glade.

Again the Spring was in the grove,
 Blithe carolled every bird,
 And overhead again were heard
 The plaintive cushats crooning love ;
 Again along the primrose glade,
 Beneath the thorns the maiden strayed,
 And felt the Spring her pulses move.

But not again she shook the sprays
 With playful fingers rude,
 To scatter in her careless mood
 Their blooms along the forest ways ;
 But violet, and primrose fair,
 She gathered in a garland rare,
 And lily bells, and fragrant may.

And she was glad, she knew not why—
 And yet her heart knew well
 That fairer smiled each bloomy dell,
 And brighter glowed the glowing sky ;
 The stilly beauty of the place
 Had passed into her musing face,
 And softened all her lustrous eye.

And through the woodland on she moved,
Until she reached the stile,
And resting there, saw many a mile
Of field and mead, where cattle roved;
The homestead and the cottage small,
Her eye dwelt lovingly on all—
She loved them, for she was beloved.

Last year she was a wayward child,
A merry madcap thing,
And frolic as the birds that wing
Their random flights along the wild;
But Love has come, and everywhere,
In blooming earth, in balmy air,
It seems as though an angel smiled.

And what is Love? A sympathy,
An intuition rare,
A sense that need hath ne'er
Of words to thread the intricacy
Of thought and feeling's maze,
A foretaste of the eternal days,
When God shall lighten every eye.

C. U. D.

Sleep.

WE may fairly apply to the subject of Sleep the well-known theory of Auguste Comte, that each of our leading conceptions, each branch of our knowledge, passes successively through three different theoretical conditions: first, the theological; secondly, the metaphysical; and thirdly, the positive or scientific. It may be doubted, however, whether, in the minds of the many, sleep has even now come forth from the first of these, or at any rate from the second, which is but a modification of the first. The supernatural and the mysterious still envelope sleep and dreams, and men in general, as well as poets or metaphysicians, are far from that knowledge which Comte would have called positive.

In the old days, when there were gods on Olympus, nay, even at an earlier time, before the Titanic divinities fell from their high estate to "wander in vain about bewildered shores," Sleep, the son of Erebus and Nox, gave rest to mortals and gods. Sleep, the brother of Death (*consanguineus leti*), dwelt in his dark cave with Dreams around him, and Morpheus as his minister to guard him from noise. Sleep and Death together bore Sarpedon's body to the land of the Lycians: and at the very vestibule and gate of Orcus did the pious Æneas see the same twin brethren seated when he visited Pluto's realm. Sleep was as godlike an agency to the nations of old as death itself. The death of each day's life it still seems to us, and men tread softly and speak low in the presence of the dead as though they fear to wake them from their everlasting rest. "It is that death by which we may literally be said to die daily: a death which Adam died before his mortality: a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between death and life. In fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without prayers, and an half-adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God."*

Passing from the theological, we come to a stage, where if sleep be not a divinity, it nevertheless is supernatural, beyond the physical, metaphysical. Something which metaphysicians and psychologists have much pondered and marvelled at—something which they have hoped would explain the union of mind and body, and the disunion thereof: from which great men even of to-day think we may learn the mind's independence of matter, its capacity of existence without matter, illustrated by all the wonderful phenomena of dreams. The long succession of images passing through the mind in a moment of time has seemed to prove our independence of time and space. "We are somewhat more than our-

* Sir T. BROWNE.

selves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams."* In this metaphysical stage of inquiry, dreams, not sleep, are the phenomena to be investigated. But who shall exhaust the subject of dreams, or who shall review the treatises written thereupon, and the speculations they have called forth? All have experience of them; all have marvellous stories to relate, and all have theories to correspond. But "man is but a patched fool" if he go about to expound his dreams, and so I do not intend to examine the metaphysics of them. Rather may this stage be left as a thing of a past epoch, like the theological. It may be regarded as a historical curiosity, like the metaphysical examination of the waking consciousness, which has a great charm for many, and seems to have a vast importance in their own eyes, but which in truth is of little profit to any one else.

But putting aside all metaphysics and the mysteries of dreamland and of soul and mind, let us approach the positive view of bodily sleep—that sleep, kindly and beneficent, "which covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak, that is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot."† This is the sleep which we can really examine positively, as we see it in others, as we see others enjoy it or fade for want of it, as we see it in the infant who passes more than half its whole life asleep, as we see it in the stripling, the sound and dreamless sleep, the *dulcis et alta quies* of healthy vigour, or the sleep of old age, when the inactive brain is either refreshed by short slumbers, or, in its atrophy and second childhood, sleeps away its declining days. For excessive proneness to sleep is a sign of decay and waste of brain. It has been noticed in the wane of many a once great intellect. It was noticed only the other day in one of the giants of our own time, William Whewell.

Whereas the metaphysician speaks of the soul as quitting in dreams its earthly tenement, and wandering at its will, knowing no laws,—the physician looks on sleep as the rest, and the only rest, of the brain, of that portion of the brain wherein reside those functions which we call mind. All parts of our bodies rest at one time or other: they cannot always work, but for their rest they need not all sleep. They rest when not in active work, between their work, some more, some less; but the brain proper, that is, the higher mental part thereof, rests only in sleep. It may labour little, it may cease, as many have to cease, from extreme toil; but it only really rests and recruits itself for fresh work when sleep is present: and so in many illnesses, in the fierce raving of delirium, in maniacal frenzy, and the wandering of fever, we know that sleep must come, or death. The other parts of the bodily system, as of the nervous system, are at work during sleep, though with slackened pace. The

* SIR T. BROWNE.

† CERVANTES: *Don Quixote*.

heart beats slower, the breath comes more quietly and less frequently; but heart and lungs do their work, and are supplied with due nerve-power in sleep as well as in waking. The same with the great organs of alimentation, digestion, and so on. All that are concerned with the vegetative life of the organism discharge their functions during natural sleep. Even the muscular organs are more or less at work: we can sleep sitting in a chair or on horseback, nay even standing. The muscles may be relaxed, the head may sink upon the chest, or fall back against the chair, but the body does not fall as it would were muscular power totally abolished. Even movements may be executed in sleep from reflex action, or mere automatic instinct; but they are not guided by consciousness. In short, we see that, although the body and the bodily functions, muscular and visceral, partake, to a great extent, of the general respite from anything like hard work, yet they are not stopped, like the higher functions of the brain. The body does not sleep, the higher brain alone does.

What are the higher functions of the brain, and do they all and always lie idle in sleep? Here is matter for much curious speculation. The higher functions of the brain we call collectively "mind," and philosophers are now pretty well agreed to divide mind into three groups of phenomena. 1. Those of intellect or ideas. 2. Those of feeling. 3. Those of the will. These are all of them in abeyance in perfect dreamless sleep; but in the different states or stages between waking and this perfect sleep there is every gradation in the activity or inactivity of them. If it be asked which of the three groups is most completely extinguished by sleep, is least compatible with sleep, we may, I think, at once answer,—the will. As sleep steals over us, we can neither control our thoughts nor actions. As we fall asleep after dinner, the book or the paper slips from our hands, and we lose control of thought; we cannot fix our attention on the page, our ideas wander and get mixed up or confused, and we slide into oblivion, to dream or not—most likely the former. Here, then, volition has come to an end, feeling and sensation will be extinguished, or nearly so; but if dreams are going on, the third, or idea-faculty, will be still active and at work, the others being at rest. Sleep, the rest of the brain, is then imperfect: ideas, memories of old events, of people past and present, long since stored up in the brain-granary and in waking-time forgotten, now course along one after the other, jumbled in fantastic *mêlée*, "the fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train." But they do not always excite feeling: we are not always surprised or hurt or grieved or pleased. When they do, when they become more exciting, and we are terrified at the lion or the bull that seems about to seize us, feeling is strongly roused, and we wake. The same with external sensations of cold, heat, noise, or light. Slight sensations we may experience, and still sleep on, but strong feeling or sensation, and sleep, are incompatible. The idea faculty may be at work in sleep almost throughout; but feeling will be absent, except in a very slight degree, and volition will be quite annihilated; we have no control over our dreams. Volition seems to be that

perfect harmony of feeling and intellect, which is broken at once by sleep.

The dislocation of these two, whether by sleep or by any brain disease or disturbance, terminates true volition. But sleep, in which the idea-portion of the mind is at work, is not perfect sleep, or perfect rest of the brain. We wake unrefreshed, and say we have been dreaming all night, and if the dreams have been terrific, and great feeling has been excited, the sleep will have been all the less refreshing. Every-day experience clearly proves that the sounder the sleep and the less the mind is at work during it, the greater is the benefit derived. It is an old and vexed question whether we are always dreaming in sleep or not. It was asked by Aristotle, and is asked still, and great names may be ranked on either side of the controversy. Sir Benjamin Brodie and Sir Henry Holland say that dreams are always going on: Lord Brougham thinks the contrary, that we only dream just as we wake. It is a point not capable of demonstration; but we are often awakened out of deep sleep without having the slightest consciousness of dreaming, and if we closely observe a sleeper, we may often see to some extent whether he dreams or not. Dreams cannot exist in the sleep of a new-born child for the simple reason that ideas do not yet exist. They have not as yet been laid up in the babe's storehouse of experiences: its life is one of sensations and feelings, which when repeated and remembered grow into ideas, but time is required before this can happen. Upon the whole, it is most reasonable to suppose that in perfect sleep we do not dream, that our ideas are so reduced to inactivity, so disconnected one from another, that nothing like a dream goes on. And this only I conceive to be perfect rest of brain. In a state short of this perfect rest, ideas start into train and assume shape and sequence, and constitute a dream, and this may become frightful and evoke feeling, and we wake. Further than this I do not wish to discuss dreams: I only mention them to show that, in perfect sleep, dreams, that is, idea-operations, are absent, as well as feeling and volition. The mind, or, in other words, the highest brain function, ceases to act; nutrition and repair alone go forward in the brain. All animals and all parts of animals require their periodic rest. The heart rests between its beats, the lungs between the respirations, muscles cannot always be at work, the stomach cannot always be digesting. These are all nourished and revived when not at work, and so is the brain when it rests in sleep.

We may conclude from all this, that conscious feeling is incompatible with sleep. The course of ideas in a dream may be sometimes preserved in memory, and the feeling they excite, if very vivid, may by memory be kept and reproduced for a long period, but during the dream we cannot be said to have been conscious of our real and actual existence. And this brings us to consider what that is which either rouses us from sleep, or forbids sleep to fall upon us, which keeps the brain at work, and hinders its repose. It appears to be a certain strong excitation of that function of the nerve-centres, which we roughly call Feeling, whether it be the

feeling of emotional excitement, such as the passions or sentiments, or fear of impending disaster, or hopes of much-coveted and eagerly expected good-fortune, or the feeling of bodily pain, or even strong sensations of noise or light. All these may be grouped together under the name of feelings, and any one of them, if sufficiently potent, will prevent the access of sleep or banish it from the sleeper. Let us look at this at somewhat greater length.

Probably the most frequent cause which keeps awake those who enjoy neither the happy carelessness of childhood, nor the apathy of old age, with its torpid and blunted sensibilities, is mental worry, or anxiety of some kind or other. The professional man, whatever his calling, has constantly some important matter on hand, which may turn out well or ill, about which he cannot help thinking. The physician has some patient in danger, who by to-morrow will be better or worse; the lawyer has some *cause célèbre*; the artist is thinking whether his picture will be hung at the Academy, or rejected; the speculator is wondering whether the funds will rise or fall; each one's bread and his family's, his fame and fortune, are at stake; he is over-anxious, he cannot sleep. Another has been sitting up late at some brainwork, and though, perhaps, he has no great fears about it, yet he has been working long and hard, and he cannot forget it and shake it off, and it follows him after he has laid his head on his pillow, longing for sleep. Anticipated pleasure, no less than fear, may excite and rouse us and banish sleep. The eve of many a day of keen enjoyment to be marked with a white stone, the first of September, or the long-looked-for holidays, have brought but scanty slumbers to expecting youth. As men grow older, they take such things more quietly. The *giorni da festa* are rarer and less gay. They are kept awake more by anticipated pains than pleasures.

Not only mental but bodily causes also may prevent sleep. There may be discomfort of every conceivable kind, from actual violent pain to the *malaise* of dyspepsia after an indigestible meal, or an uncomfortable position, or an ill-made bed. Most of us have been kept awake by pain of some kind, a raging tooth or a gouty toe. And most of us know the uneasiness attending upon indigestion, which, though it may not amount to pain, does nevertheless, by that mysterious process which the old writers called "sympathy," react upon the nervous centres, and stimulates them sufficiently to banish sleep. And in the same way hunger, when there is nothing at all to be digested, will often keep us awake. Cold will prevent sleep; so also will undue heat. Here, too, is discomfort, and besides this, cold extremities bear a certain reference to the general circulation of the blood, which also is affected by excess of heat. Any stimulus of the external senses will prevent sleep, and anything to which the senses are not accustomed will stimulate them. We most of us need the silence and the darkness of the night to lull us, but fatigue and custom will overcome this habit, and many can in a short time sleep in daylight, or with incessant noise sounding in their ears. And the very withdrawal of this

accustomed noise will often act as a stimulus to these persons, and rouse them up.

What wakes us up when we are sleeping a healthy sleep? Very little will do it, when we have had a good long refreshing sleep, comparatively slight external stimuli—sound, light, or touch. We are said to wake of our own accord, which means generally that some little incident rouses us from our light morning sleep. It is in the morning, too, that we dream most, which goes to show that we dream in our light, and not in our profound sleep. But if we have only been asleep a short time, it takes a loud noise and a hard push to wake us. But we may be roused by other causes besides external ones: we may be disturbed by bodily pain or internal discomfort, or by an uneasy posture. Lastly, we are often waked by a vivid dream. The feeling of the nerve-centres is strongly stimulated by something or other, and the result is action, as it is after every excitation of feeling, action either mental or bodily. A certain amount of action may take place without waking: we change our position in sleep if it be uncomfortable, and then we probably sleep on. Nay, we may even be prompted to the action of the somnambulist, or somniloquist, without waking; but if the stimulation be strong, whether it be pain, or the fright of a dream, or an external sensation, it excites the centre beyond sleeping point, and we wake.

What is the explanation of all this? Why are we prevented from sleeping: why are we aroused? What is the physical condition which favours or repels sleep? This much we may conclude from what has been already said, that, as sleep is the rest of the highest part of the brain, it must be a condition of this part which favours or repels sleep. Healthy sleep presupposes a healthy state of brain, and we must carefully exclude from our notions of sleep all those phenomena which are the result not of healthy but of unhealthy processes going on in the brain, some of which, though apparently akin to sleep, nevertheless depend on an entirely opposite condition of things. Such states as coma, trance, catalepsy, insensibility from apoplexy or pressure, or alcohol or poisons, have only this in common with sleep, that there is unconsciousness: they differ altogether in the fact that from this unconsciousness the sufferer cannot be roused. From healthy sleep we can be roused easily.

Recent observations and researches seem to prove to demonstration that the sleep of man and animals depends on the state of the circulation of the blood in the brain proper. One theory, which I mention, but which is now nearly abandoned, is that it depends on the pressure of distended veins. The modern opinion, and I believe the true explanation, is, that it follows a diminution both in the quantity and rapidity of the circulating blood, and that if this reduced rate of circulation be increased by any cause, sleep departs. The writings and experiments of Mr. Durham, Dr. Jackson, and others have thrown great light on this subject, and tend strongly to remove all doubt as to this being the true interpretation. As

it is clearly of great practical importance that we should know what it is that we want to bring about when we are trying to procure sleep, it will be well to examine the theory briefly. The principal evidence as to the state of the human brain in sleep is derived from the observation of a woman at Montpellier, a case well known and often quoted. She had lost a portion of the skull-cap, and the brain and its membranes were exposed. "When she was in deep or sound sleep, the brain lay in the skull almost motionless: when she was dreaming it became elevated, and when her dreams, which she related on waking, were vivid or interesting, the brain was protruded through the cranial aperture." This condition has also been experimentally brought about and observed in animals, and the same result has been seen, namely, that in sleep the surface of the brain and its membranes became pale, the veins ceased to be distended, and only a few small vessels containing arterial blood were discernible. When the animal was roused, a blush spread over the brain, which rose through the opening of the bone. The surface became bright red; innumerable vessels, unseen before, were now everywhere discernible, and the blood seemed to be coursing through them very rapidly. The veins, like the arteries, were full and distended, but their difference of colour rendered them clearly distinguishable. When the animal was fed and again allowed to sink into repose, the blood-vessels gradually resumed their former dimensions and appearance, and the surface of the brain became pale as before. The contrast between the appearances of the brain during its period of functional activity, and during its state of repose or sleep, was most remarkable.*

These observations entirely contradict the theory that sleep is due to pressure from distended veins, to venous congestion. And further experiments made by Mr. Durham proved that when pressure was made upon the veins, and distension of them produced, the symptoms which followed were not those of sleep, but of torpor, coma, or convulsions. And this view is completely corroborated by what we know of diseases which are accompanied by these symptoms. Common observation, too, confirms it; we must often have noticed when looking at a person asleep, that the face appeared paler than usual, and that a flush came over it on waking; and all are agreed that the general circulation is diminished, as also the respiration, during sleep. A person in tranquil and natural sleep often breathes so slowly and so gently, that we are obliged to listen attentively to discover that he breathes at all.

Can we go any further? Can we say why it is that the diminished supply of blood produces sleep and rest for the brain? We may have recourse to one of two theories, but here we cannot bring demonstrative proof so easily as we did before. First, we may propound a chemical theory, that oxidation of the brain-substance, being in proportion to the vascular activity, is diminished as the latter is reduced, and then sleep

* DURHAM on the "Physiology of Sleep."—*Guy's Hospital Reports*. 1860.

follows. This is true, no doubt, so far as it goes. That the blood in the brain changes from arterial to venous, parting with its oxygen, we know, but there still remains the question, why does the arterial action lessen so as to allow of sleep ensuing? The chemists say that the products of oxidation accumulate, and by their accumulation interfere with the continuance of the process, and act as a kind of regulator, just as a lighted taper is extinguished in a close jar by the products of its own combustion. But we constantly see that this is not the case, that although the brain action be violent in the extreme, and sleep be absent for days together, no products of oxidation put a stop to the process, but it goes on till ended by death. Chemistry fails, as it always does, to explain the whole of any vital process. In the more guarded, though less mathematical, language of physiology, we may say that everything which *stimulates* the brain to a certain amount of action prevents sleep, and that this stimulus must be removed before sleep can be obtained. The stimulus may arise within or without the bodily organism. External events influencing the mind, and causing cares and anxieties—hopes and fears; or affecting the body, as heat and cold—may quicken the circulation and drive away sleep. The stimulus, too, may arise from within. The disordered stomach may, by sympathy with heart and lungs, quicken the flow of blood to the brain, and either banish sleep or disturb it, and so bring to us all the horrors of nightmare. That mental emotion does quicken the brain circulation, is a fact known to all; whether it be slight or whether it be violent, transitory or permanent, it increases cerebral action. And this acceleration once established does not cease of a sudden. An instant conversion of fear or anxiety into the certainty of prosperity or success, may sometimes at once bring relief, and from sheer fatigue sleep may follow, but more frequently the effect of the mental tension is kept up for some considerable time. When we have been working for hours with toiling brain, we do not go to sleep the moment we lay our heads on the pillow—sleep comes to us slowly and cooly. The head feels hot, and we hear the rapid pulse beating in it as we lie, and only by degrees does the quickness of this abate.

Why brainwork raises the rate of the circulation, is a question of physiology, which, like many others, we can only answer by having recourse to general principles. Whenever any part of the body is actively employed, a larger supply of blood is sent to it: as motion warms our hands and feet, so the working brain demands and procures a larger supply of blood than the idle one. And the brain is stimulated beyond all doubt, not only according to the quantity of the blood sent to it, but also according to the nature and quality of it. It is reasonable to suppose that alteration in this must affect the brain-function, and observation and experiments prove that it does. From all this that has been said about the various circumstances which prevent sleep, it may be possible to deduce the methods of procuring it, at any rate, on some of the occasions when it appears as if it would never come. Many persons are habitually bad

sleepers, and all know what it is to lie awake and be unable to go to sleep, even when they are in ordinary health. We can promote sleep by removing everything which is likely to stimulate the brain and the brain circulation, and also by reducing the circulation by other means, and lessening the susceptibility and excitability of the brain as far as possible.

First, we must get rid, so far as we are able, of all sources of discomfort which are likely to harass and stimulate the brain. Mental anxiety and worry are perhaps the most frequent of these. But it will be said that we cannot remove anxiety. This is too frequently true; and then, if it banishes sleep night after night, and the sufferer is harassed and worried and gets no rest, serious results follow. If the anxiety or grief be irremovable, something ought to be done to counteract it, and to substitute other thoughts in the place of it. Change of locality, change of companions, will often break through the dominant and painful idea, and repose and quiet will soon follow. Possibly it may be not over-anxiety, but simply over-work that for nights together prevents us sleeping, and this is more easily dealt with. The late and excessive work must cease. If we have been toiling till midnight, and then with heads full of our subject, go to bed to lie down and take no rest, we must give it up, or take the consequences. It will not do to lie awake, day after day, till three or four o'clock in the morning. We cannot counteract this state of things; the brain is over-worked and over-stimulated, and the stimulus which keeps up the active functional circulation must be removed. Again if sleep be prevented by bodily discomfort, external or internal, this must be remedied so far as it can. The bed may be too hard or too soft, or too short; the pillow may be too high or too low. Heat and cold will much affect the circulation in the head. If the surface and extremities are cold, especially the feet, there will be a deficiency of blood in them, and consequently an excess in the internal parts, and in the head. In this way we are kept awake by cold as much as by the actual discomfort arising from it. Heat will directly accelerate the circulation. And although the fatigue caused by heat may in some degree counteract this, yet most people sleep less in the very hot nights of summer than they do in cooler weather. We are both prevented from going to sleep, and roused from sleep by this cause. Excess of heat and cold are to be avoided if we wish to sleep soundly. Bedrooms must be warmed in winter and cooled in summer; people must get over the old prejudice about opening bedroom windows, and must eschew feather-beds and mountains of blankets. Many an one, if he do this, will sleep better than he has done all his previous life.

Another thing which promotes sleep is the partaking of food. As indigestible food hinders sleep or rouses us from it, so a digestible meal favours it. All know what it is to feel sleepy after a hearty dinner, nay even a light lunch will often have the same effect if we sit or remain inactive after it. And this is not due to the strong liquids imbibed, for a dinner with water alone may have the same effect. There are different

theories as to the cause of our being rendered sleepy by food. One is, that the circulation is affected by the ingestion and digestion of it: that an extra supply of blood is directed to the stomach and digesting organs, and so diverted from the head. The circulation in the head is lessened, and sleep ensues. This idea is probably not incorrect, and partially explains the phenomena, but not entirely. It seems insufficient to account for the sleepiness produced by some kinds of food, and the wakefulness caused by others. One man, at ten o'clock at night, takes a glass of beer, another an equal quantity of green tea: the one goes to sleep, the other lies awake half the night. Therefore, we must needs suppose that the elements and material of the food taken into the blood alter the composition of it, and lessen or increase its stimulating properties. After a hearty meal, the blood which is necessary for keen, clear brain-action is loaded with new material just taken in from the newly-digested food, and is less fitted, on this account, to excite and keep up the functional activity of clear intellect. This theory agrees, I think, better with the facts than that of the diversion of the blood from the head to the stomach, by the digestion process. For we may often observe that sleepiness will follow the swallowing of a very trifling quantity of food or drink, as one glass of wine or beer. It is not to be supposed that the process of digesting this will divert much blood to the stomach. It must affect us, therefore, by the material entering the circulation. When a man lies dead drunk, no one doubts but that the brain is affected by the alcohol conveyed to it by the blood. It can be collected in the brain after death. And what happens in the case of a large quantity of spirit, happens probably in the case of a small quantity of food or drink. Again, if sleep is caused by the diversion of blood in and for the process of digestion, it is reasonable to suppose that the longer and more difficult the digestion, the more blood would be diverted, and the sounder the sleep. But, on the contrary, we know that the more indigestible the food, the more sleep is prevented, while quickly-digested materials, which are easily assimilated, promote slumber. A single small cup of tea can hardly be said to require digestion; yet this will banish sleep from many, and can only do so by affecting the nervous centres.

If there is undue excitability of the brain, and the ordinary stimuli of thought or noise are sufficient to keep off sleep, if the nervous susceptibility of the individual of itself keeps him awake, what can be done in addition to the means already mentioned? We must try and lessen this excitability, from which some occasionally suffer till it almost constitutes a disease. This may be done, and often is done, by non-medical methods. In fact, we know that each one has his proper and peculiar recipe for going to sleep. One man counts tens, hundreds, or thousands—counts till he can count no longer. Another repeats from memory Latin verses, it may be, or English poetry. One man fixes his attention strongly on one subject, and tries to exhaust himself upon this. Another does just the opposite, and tries to think of no one thing, but to jumble his ideas into a confused

chaos, as he finds them wandering when he is dropping off to sleep ; and this man probably succeeds the best. Now these plans for the most part are based upon the principle of diminishing the excitability of the brain by means of fatigue. We know that in health fatigue is one of the chief causes of sleep. Fatigue of body and fatigue of head, not calling up anxiety or emotional excitement, are excellent sleep-compellers, and fatigue, especially of body, if excessive, will so deaden the excitability of the brain, that stimuli, even of a powerful sort, will have no effect upon it. This is why men and boys have gone to sleep on a ship's deck in the midst of battle. Many will sleep in any position, even the most uncomfortable, amidst great noise, or even in great dangers, from sheer fatigue. And when excessive and morbid wakefulness is present, it is a very good and natural method of invoking sleep to subject the body to hard exercise ; and fatiguing the brain by counting, or the like, may have the same effect, though less surely. If by working our memory till we are tired, we can produce fatigue without calling up any anxious feelings or thoughts, volition at last ceases, and we sleep. But if sleep does not come, is there any other method ?

It may be that we lie awake because we are hungry. Hours may have passed since our last meal. Whether we feel hungry or not, it is at any rate a fact that something to eat will often bring sleep. The effect of food has been already mentioned. It is a reasonable plan, but one often neglected, probably from the difficulty of procuring something in the night. There is a popular fallacy abroad that we ought not to go to sleep on a full stomach, a fallacy adhered to in the face of the fact that every animal eats before sleep, that infants almost invariably require a full stomach to send them to sleep ; and so, fearing to go to bed with a full stomach, people go with an empty one, and do not sleep. Many would sleep much better with an early dinner and a good supper, than they do with their six-o'clock dinner, which allows them to get hungry again before they want to go to sleep. Many have found this out and guard against it, and if they wake in the night they tempt sleep again by eating or drinking something which has been placed in readiness by their bedside.

If all means fail, and the nights get worse and worse, and the sufferer more and more restless, he needs must have recourse to the physician and his pharmaceutical treasury, and he gets a sleeping potion, which in all probability will be some preparation of opium. Now every one has his views and theories about opium, amounting altogether to what De Quincey calls "the fiery vortex of hot-headed ignorance upon the name" of it. Let him who wants to read the poetry of this drug study the "Confessions." The prose thereof is written in the pages of many medical authors, yet no two are agreed upon the mode of its action, whether the beneficial or the poisonous. Most admit, however, that in small quantities it is a stimulant, in large a narcotic, a poison. Some say that the small or stimulating doses procure sleep, and are alone beneficial, yet this is contrary to the

foregoing remarks, which tend to show that stimulation of all sorts drives off sleep. That small doses of opium will keep many awake, is as certain as that green tea does. It quickens the pulse in these small quantities, and stimulates the circulation of the brain. A double dose will reduce the circulation and procure sleep. The opium conveyed by the blood to the nerve centres, appears to lessen their force and energy, and to deaden the excitability both of the mental brain, and also of the nerve-structures which supply the bodily organs. When the dose goes beyond this, it becomes poisonous, and it not only lessens, but destroys the excitability, and we have coma, collapse, convulsions, and death. But this is not the place for an examination of this question, nor for an enumeration of all the other substances which the physician employs to "entice the dewy feathered sleep." The Socratic hemlock, the common hop, the lettuce, the henbane, are amongst the best known and most commonly used; but they can by no means rival the juice of the poppy. "Inwardly taken," says Burton,* "are simples, as poppy, nymphaea, violets, roses, lettuce, mandrake, henbane, nightshade or solanum, saffron, hempseed, nutmegs, willows, with their seeds, juice, decoctions, &c." With one other quotation from the same old author I will conclude:—"When Ptolemy, King of Egypt, had posed the seventy interpreters in order, and asked the nineteenth man what would make one sleep quietly in the night, he told him the best way was to have divine and celestial meditations, and to use honest actions in the daytime."

* *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

The Scot at Home.

MANY of our readers are doubtless acquainted with that pleasant book of Mr. Hill Burton's, *The Scot Abroad*, in which he gives so interesting an account of the *Scoti extra Scotiam agentes*,—the brave Scottish adventurers who for many generations sought their fortunes with pen and sword over all Europe. But whatever the well-informed Englishman knows of the Scot Abroad, it is seldom that he has any intimate acquaintance with that equally important character, the Scot at Home. It has indeed often struck us as curious that after a union lasting more than a century and a half, North and South Britain should know so little of each other. There is no doubt a great deal more travelling than there was between the two; but that is part of the general increase of travelling of all kind, and not one tourist in fifty, as we all know, sees anything but the public and outside life of the countries which he visits. What their distinctive institutions are; how their distinctive national character has been formed; what their inner domestic existence is like;—these are questions with which he does not trouble himself. Now, this state of things is all very well as between nations standing apart from each other; but when nations have joined once for all, and joined happily and prosperously, it is scarcely creditable. How many Englishmen, not ignorant either of Paris or Switzerland, know what a "U. P." is, or what the disruption of 1843 turned upon; how the functions of a sheriff-substitute differ from those of a procurator-fiscal; or what a rink means in the ancient winter game of curling? Yet every year the two peoples are more and more acting upon each other. Every year many Scotsmen emigrate southward; Scottish and English families become connected by marriage; and the old peculiarities of Scottish life wane away. The inevitable fusion ought to be an intelligent one on both sides. And perhaps a few jottings about the most characteristic differences between the countries, as seen by eyes trained in the south, but not unfriendly to the north, may help to stimulate curiosity a little on the subject.

First, then, for the historical aspect of the business.—What is a Scot?—a Scot is the *tertium aliquid* between an Englishman and an Irishman. In his perfection he unites Teutonic solidity with Celtic dash; prudence with passion; industry with religious zeal; the whole seasoned with antiquarian and natural poetry and romance. This, we say, is the ideal Scot—the Scot of Burns and Sir Walter; and no nation ever reaches its ideal except in a few brilliant specimens. Alcibiades, Frederick Barbarossa, Bayard, Sir Philip Sydney—these are the typical men of races, and we don't expect to meet them every day in the streets, though the qualities

combined in them exist diffused in various degrees through their respective countrymen. Just so, the typical Scot—a Crichton in early times, a Marshal Keith or Sir Walter in modern—is rare. But he is the result of forces working through all his nation towards the production of a definite individuality; and the Scottish individuality, we say, is best defined as an intermediate something between the English individuality and the Irish. It is a curious circumstance to be noted, here, that a Scotsman has to go for one-half of his proper reputation to his old allies of the Continent; and for the other half to his comparatively new fellow-subjects of England. The Frenchman sees little but his romantic—the Englishman little but his prosaic side. To a Frenchman, the Ecossais is rather a sentimental figure. He is the old soldier of fortune of the King's Guard; the *bon philosophe* of Joseph Scaliger; the man eager in argument and proud of blood, of Erasmus. The Frenchman thinks of the feudal men; the wandering scholars; the exiled Jacobites of the little kingdom. The Englishman has seen the soberer and uglier side of the country; its needy, toadying courtiers come to batten on the fatter south; its keen, shrewd traders, painfully conscious of a good education, and anxious to pinch, save, and lay by. The Frenchman's mind is full of Quentin Durward; the Englishman of the sarcasms of Cleveland, Swift, Churchill, Macklin, Johnson, and Hazlitt. But pure truth belongs neither to romance nor to satire. It is found only by long reading and careful observation; and both will satisfy the inquirer, we venture to say, that the true Scot, if rarely coming up to the Scot of romance, is still less to be sought in the Scot of satire. He is solid, sagacious, sometimes grasping, not always a pleasant kind of man; but honest, humane, intellectual, and with a vein of humour entirely peculiar, and of very exquisite flavour.

And further, we say, that being the *tertium aliquid* between an Englishman and an Irishman, the Scot is more English than Irish. This reflection brings us to notice the curious obscurity and error which long hung over Scottish history, and is not yet by any means dispelled. The war of independence, followed as it was by incessant struggles, so isolated the Scotch from the south, that they threw back their present impressions of separation into the past, and substituted for real history a series of half-true traditions. They forgot, in fact, their own history, and it was nobody's else business to put them right. They talked of themselves as a homogeneous nation of immemorial antiquity; and looked upon Edward's attack on their independence as a Dutchman does upon Louis the Fourteenth's invasion of Holland. The Stuarts they regarded as descendants of Banquo; Bruce and Wallace as Scots in the sense in which Harold was an Englishman, or Tell a Swiss; and their "auld enemies" of England as a race differing from them like German from Slavonian, or Frenchman from both. Indeed, notions of this kind are widely held in Scotland even now. Yet nothing can be more certain than that the governing part of Scotland—the Lowlands—the "southern or civil part of Scotland," to borrow the happy expression of an Elizabethan writer—

was essentially Teutonic long before Edward was thought of. The language is there to speak for itself, in excellent Saxon, with a Scandinavian admixture; while, to complete the likeness between North and South Britain, even in the thirteenth century, if England had a Norman aristocracy by conquest, Scotland had one by colonization. The Stuarts, or more properly Stewarts, came from Shropshire, bringing the ancestors of Wallace (*Le Waleys* was as much a Scotch as an English name), and of other "Scotch" gentlemen with them. The Bruces were Yorkshiremen of Norman descent; the Maxwells, either Saxon or Norse; the Lindsays, Hays, Setons, Montgomeries, Maules, &c., all Normans to a man. We need not hold with Sir Francis Palgrave, that Scotland was a mere part of the Saxon empire, and that Edward had a just claim to its *suzeraineté*, though this view has been virtually accepted by so patriotic and accomplished a Scot as Lord Lindsay. It is not necessary to our present purpose to enter on that inquiry. What is necessary to point out is, that the races were cognate through and through—the Highlanders being as different from the Lowlanders as Welsh from English; and this is the key at once to the Scottish character and the Scottish history. For, after all, the qualities even of the conventional Scot of English literature, his thrift, his mother-wit, his dry reserve, his determination to get on, are only ugly exaggerations of the known qualities of the English themselves. A Celt thinks them both cold and both slow, and the Scot only the colder and slower of the two. The fundamental resemblance between the nations is much more seen by comparing the northern than the southern Englishman with the Lowlander. Indeed, in some respects, a man of Cumberland is more like a man of Dumfriesshire, or a Northumbrian like a Berwickshire man, than either is like his fellow-countrymen of Sussex and Devonshire. When a Highlander was producing *Ossian*, a Lowlander was producing the *Wealth of Nations*, which the English mind accepted at once, and has since made the basis of its commercial policy. And if the union has proved so successful, it is not that the Scotch have been quite without grievances, such as agitators might have worked successfully if the Scottish mind had been disposed to listen. It is that the natural ethnological affinity of the populations has told under the influence of free intercourse just as it would probably have told, even had Edward succeeded in prematurely uniting the two kingdoms by the sword; in achieving that union by a rape, which Providence had decreed should be achieved by a marriage.

Separated, however, as Scotland was, chiefly owing to the genius of the great Norman, Robert Bruce, her institutions were essentially similar, though with some important differences of detail, to those of her more important and splendid neighbour. She had a parliament, which consisted only of one chamber; but which was composed of the same ranks; required the assent of the same three estates; and was convoked in the same manner as the parliament of England. The feudal law predominated there as here. The burghs early acquired representation, and the

monarchy was opposed in any attempt to acquire overwhelming power by the baronial elements which first successfully performed the same work in the south. The main points of difference were that the towns of the north rose far more slowly; and that the barons had more power, and the crown less, than in England. None but tenants *in capite* ever had any right of suffrage. Sub-infeudation lasted among the Scots, and the nobles made war on each other, and had jurisdiction over their vassals, long after these mediæval characteristics had vanished here. But the aristocratic system of Scotland, though feudal at bottom, received most important modifications from an infusion of the patriarchal element,—the contribution of the primæval race of the land. The domination of families was lightened, while strengthened, by their expansion into clans, which prevailed amongst the Teutonic as well as amongst the Celtic portions of the nation. The Scotts and Johnstones of the south formed clans as well as the Campbells and Camerons of the west; the Norman Lindsays no less than the Celtic Macphersons. They acted together, whether in home feuds or foreign war; their name formed a kind of common worship like that of the Lar among the Roman *gentes*; and one effect of this was to spread an aristocratic feeling through the whole nation, which did much to develope individual character. Pride of birth and love of argument—these are the two characteristic points which Erasmus singles out in the *Encomium Morie* as distinguishing the Scot. *Fier comme un Ecossais* was a French proverb at the same time. Such results naturally came from the organization of life which prevailed, and from the close connection of Scotland with the Continent,—ever more rigid than England in its aristocratic forms. For the long separation of Scotland from its natural and predestined ally,—an event, as we contend, much more *political* than anything else, and in some degree anomalous,—involved consequences graver and more durable than may appear at first sight. At bottom, the Scot and the Englishman were brothers,—but brothers destined to be educated in different schools. Their fundamental similarity made them pursue the same objects—political freedom; a reformation in religion; a modern as distinct from a mediæval system of education. But they pursued them in different ways, and achieved them in different forms. Scotland—shut out from the southern part of the common island—naturally formed herself by the help of continental Europe. Her reformation took its shape from Calvinism. Her courts of law were modelled on those of France, and the Roman law entered largely into her jurisprudence. Her universities resembled Louvain or Padua much more than they resembled Oxford and Cambridge. Her sons emigrated to the Loire or the Rhine, and not to the Thames or the Severn, and planted scores of families, whose descendants have, since the union, met their kinsmen on fields of battle. French words crept into her old Teutonic tongue, where they are still recognisable, like those half effaced *fleurs-de-lis* which the traveller sees on the old houses of the Knights of St. John at Rhodes. French cookery made important contributions to her *cuisine*, and French architecture raised

in Fife and Aberdeenshire turrets such as the same ages saw amidst the woods of Lorraine. To this day, the church of Scotland is more like that of Holland than of England. The law of Scotland is a special study pursued by a national bar. And the education of the Scotch is a system by itself radically different from that of the rest of the empire.

These diversities in matters so essential have been at the bottom of whatever is important in Scotch history during the last three hundred years. Scotch history, since then, has turned, in fact, on the difficulty of uniting a country organized after continental patterns with a country organized out of its ancient elements after a pattern of its own. The necessity of such union, visible even in the thirteenth century, became imperious after both nations had adopted the Reformation. But the Scotch adopted it in the Presbyterian form,—a cardinal fact in their history which has affected it ever since, and is one of the main causes of whatever is distinctive in the Scot of to-day. Presbyterianism, by its popular character, its boldness and inquisitiveness, and the power which it gave to the clergy, made a lasting impression of disgust on the mind of James the First, and thus drove the Stewarts into that Anglican High-churchism which was such an important feature of their policy. Opposed and resisted and interfered with, Presbyterianism gradually became for masses of the Scotch a symbol of their nationality itself, and determined the national action during the Civil War, in which the Scotch fought for Presbyterianism, while the English were fighting for liberty. The foolish and wicked persecutions after the Restoration further stamped it into the blood and bones of the people; and when the Revolution came, and Presbyterianism was finally established, its traditions were too stern, its recollections too agitating, for it to work easily embodied as a State church,—and that a church which, though theoretically self-governing, had relations towards the State nowhere accurately defined. An Englishman accustomed to hear convocation treated as a farce, and to receive the incumbent appointed to a vacant living as naturally as the officers of a regiment receive a colonel, can little enter into the State and Church and Patronage controversies, which vex Scotsmen to this day; can little realise to himself an ecclesiastical government of kirk-sessions, presbyteries, and synods,—all headed by a General Assembly, or ecclesiastical parliament, the meeting of which, and of its dissenting counterparts, is one of the great events of the Scottish year. During the last century, the moderate or Conservative party in the Church, guided by Principal Robertson, the historian, retained the ascendancy, and Patronage was steadily enforced in obedience to the law. But the excitement of the Evangelical revival and of the Reform Bill gave a prodigious stimulus to the old spirit of the democratic opposition. The State and Church controversy concentrated itself on the point of Patronage; and the opposition, impotent to change the Constitution, and unwilling to obey it, broke off, in 1843, from the Establishment, and set up the Free Church. There are now three Presbyterian churches in Scotland, sharing the country amongst them more

equally in all respects than the Church and Dissenters of England,—the Established Church, Free Church, and United Presbyterian (or “U.P.”) Church,—the last an amalgam of different bodies of the earlier seceders. These churches all profess the same Calvinistic creed, and enjoy the same Presbyterian government. Their doctrine and discipline are identical; and a stranger who wandered into any of their places of worship would be unable to distinguish one from another by anything he heard or saw. The Establishment has, on the whole, the largest share of those of the upper class who are not Episcopalians. But there is no such gulf between its *personnel* and that of the Dissenters, as there is in England. They come from the same middle or lower middle-class families; receive the same education; and, though the advantage is, on the whole, with the Establishment, in these, as in other respects, their attainments and social position are on much the same level.

These facts help to explain what is one of the most conspicuous features of the Scot at Home as distinct from the Scot Abroad,—we mean the absurdly undue prominence which ecclesiastical matters occupy in his life. Abroad, the Scot takes these things as easily as his neighbours. He may have been a Presbyterian in his native country if only from a kindly feeling of association with his progenitors. He knows that his grandfather was baptized in the parlour with an extemporary prayer, being held by his dad over the family punch-bowl. He knows that his great-grandfather was laid in the bleak Scottish churchyard with a silence as deep as that of the grave itself; with no rites except a prayer (also extemporary) in the dining-room,—and the consumption of six dozen of the best claret at the funeral feast, or “dredgie.” He knows, too, if he is a man of sense, that there was much more feeling and meaning in all this simplicity than a hasty thinker might fancy; and he pardons a somewhat rough style of praying and preaching for the sake of its influence on the humble part of the congregation. But once out of his own country, he finds his Presbyterianism sit lightly upon him. In London, for instance, Presbyterianism has no influence commensurate with that of the masses of Scotsmen here,—though there are excellent and distinguished Presbyterian clergymen in London, such as Dr. Hamilton, Professor Lorimer, and Mr. Roberts, the author of *Discussions on the Gospels*. In India, which swarms with Scotsmen, Presbyterianism is notoriously unprosperous. The Scot Abroad is tolerant and liberal. He can find beauty in a liturgy and devotional inspiration in an organ; and, above all, he learns how to take such questions quietly, and not to tease himself or his neighbours about Erastianism, Prelacy, Forms of Prayer, Patronage, the Aberdeen Act, the Sabbath question, and so forth. But in Scotland, partly owing to the fact that the big scale of her dissent has *over-parsoned* her, there is a vast deal too much ecclesiastical agitation of every kind. What was the position of Titus in Crete; whether the *episcopos* of the Gospel was superior in rank to the *presbyteros*, or was only a *presbyteros* doing a particular duty; did the ancient church stand to pray and sit to

sing; are organs forbidden, or only matters of choice possibly mischievous?—such questions as these are discussed habitually in Scottish newspapers for the delight of the Scot at Home. The organ question, for instance,—surely a very foolish one when we remember that the Presbyterian Church of Holland has some of the finest organs in Europe,—excites as much interest in Scotland as a Reform Bill or a European war. The evils of this undue wrangling are many. It exasperates differences already incurable between sect and sect, and within the bosoms of the sects themselves. It draws away energy which ought to be levelled at the real evils of the country,—the poverty and immorality of the rural labourers, the drunkenness and filth of the large towns. It hardens men's hearts, and vulgarizes their manners. It is especially fatal to the higher culture,—that of the clergy included. The Scottish minister is usually an excellent specimen of the Scottish middle-class—taking the term in its widest sense. He is a shrewd, thoroughly moral and respectable man, with a homely good nature, and sometimes a genuine touch of humour about him. In his solid comfortable manse you are always sure of his hospitality,—of admirable Scotch mutton and a glass of wine, or better still, an unimpeachable tumbler. And, of course, there are a few men standing high above their fellows, and capable of holding their own anywhere. But the cloth, as a whole, is sadly deficient in literary attainments. We are not speaking, now, of those “*niceties of scholarship*,” by declaiming about which some foolish persons try to evade this charge. We are speaking of a good wholesome knowledge of the Latin, Greek, English and French languages and literatures. The examinations of candidates for the ministry are conducted by the presbyteries,—not always without suspicion of improper partiality, and always with too much leniency. A probationer has been known to get through without being able to construe or parse a verse of the Greek Testament. No wonder that a clergy thus recruited should contribute nothing solid to theology or letters—nothing but small goody-goody story-telling and twaddling essays. Nor is it wonderful that the Scot at Home of the more cultivated sections of society should be apt to hold his national clergy somewhat cheap—a most undoubted fact, as every close observer knows. The Scotch clergy have many difficulties to contend with. The Reformed Church was shamefully endowed at the beginning of its career; and its stipends being regulated by the price of grain, are now fallen painfully low, relatively to the scale of living in modern society. The Scotch aristocracy,—inevitably Anglicized by the Union—have largely withdrawn from the Scotch churches—except the episcopal ones, which, however, they very imperfectly support otherwise. Indeed, the ecclesiastical position of the Scotch aristocracy is unique in Europe. They attend the Episcopal Church without supporting it, and support the Established Church (politically) without attending it. They have never been absentees in the strict Irish sense. But they have long passed a good deal of their lives away from home; and home perhaps attracts them, now, more by

its field sports than by its other charms. All this, we say, tells against the influence of the Scottish clergy. But they don't make the most of the advantages which they have. They ought to revise their examination system, and raise their intellectual standard; deal boldly and liberally with such minor questions as those of church music and "standing to sing," and reproduce in a fashion suited to the nineteenth century, the old cultivated, tolerant, and sensible Presbyterianism of Robertson, Blair, and Carlyle. At all events, this is the only chance for the Establishment. The more violent Presbyterians will always be drawn to the Free and United Presbyterian Churches,—the amalgamation of which, moreover, is only a question of time. The Aberdeen Act—a compromise of the Patronage difficulty, giving the flocks of the Establishment a right to offer objections to nominees,—will certainly have to be revised,—when *that* old source of trouble will be opened again. And if a church has neither the hearty assistance of an aristocracy, nor of a cultivated and wealthy middle-class; nor of the bulk of the common people,—what is to become of it? The cause of the Scottish Establishment—certain improvements secured—is the cause of enlightened, generous, and accomplished church life in that country. The narrow bigotry and low-bred fanaticism which so much disgusts strangers, are chiefly found amongst the Dissenters. As for Bishop Wordsworth's scheme of a union between the Established Churches of England and Scotland, it has been advocated by him with abundant ability, learning, and courtesy to opponents. The Episcopal Church of Scotland is fortunate in having such a prelate—nor, to do her justice, has she ever been without such. But the scheme seems to us, we confess, "a devout imagination." The Scot at Home, it must be repeated, is less pliable than the Scot Abroad. The spirit of the South works upon him whether he likes it or not, but he will hardly allow it to change the whole ecclesiastical structure in which he has lived so long. Besides, there is a jealousy of the Episcopal Church of Scotland prevailing in the Scottish Establishment, which will always tell against any proposition coming from within *her* fold. She is always drawing away one convert or another from the Presbyterian churches; and will probably do so still more now that she is coming into nearer connection with the Church of England. Some join her because they like a liturgy; some to get rid of Presbyterian squabbling and austerity; some because they think Episcopalianism a "genteel" form of Church government. One of the comic aspects of Scottish ecclesiastical life is the furious zeal of the humbler of these converts. The grandson of a "U.P." butcher is sometimes heard to talk of the "great Presbyterian *ménagerie*;" and similar language is often used by men whose families have risen out of the ranks of manual labourers solely through the help of the system of popular education established by the Presbyterian church. It is a curious sight to see the young Scot who has become a high-flying Episcopalian taunting his poor old Presbyterian father with the homeliness of the institution through whose portals he himself entered into the Christian world. But

it must be admitted that the young Scot is severely tried, and that long sermons, and vexatious visiting, and a vulgar kind of spiritual bullying, and a constant atmosphere of rigid narrowness and intolerance, are heavy strains on the human patience. Meanwhile, there is a strong south wind always blowing over the land—the wind of London freedom of speculation, daring of comment, playfulness of wit and fancy,—which slowly but steadily thaws the northern snow. The young Scotch Presbyterian minister is not what the man of the last generation was. There is a dash of jaunty Anglicanism about his waistcoat and tie, and he likes to be called “a parson.” An odour of Maurice and Kingsley may be smelt in his sermons—like the scent on his handkerchief; and his elaborate “extemporary” prayers are streaked with phrases from the English Prayer-book. He takes a walk on Sundays, and in moods of a sublimer daring smokes a cigar in public. What would he give—could one see his heart of hearts—to be an Oxford first-class man, and to hold a jolly living in some county, where he would be a magistrate, and have a good social position, and could even join the hounds without being instantly set down as having ridden straight off to the Old Gentleman! But *fata obstant*. He has to pass his life under the *surveillance* of a rigid congregation, all ready to go off to the Free or U.P. Churches, if he does not please them, if he does not “visit,” for instance, as steadily as his rivals of those sects. His sermons are gossipped over at tea-tables, and compared with those of all the preachers round about; for preaching is to the Scotch lower middle-class, what singing is to the peoples of Southern Europe—the one art of which everybody is supposed to be a judge. When the presentee to a living is opposed under the Aberdeen Act mentioned above, the most ignorant clowns are called to depose that they were not “edified” by the discourse; and as much rancour is displayed as at a contested election. The most fashionable preaching in Scotland just now is of the florid order. With all their hard-headedness, the Scotch love a luxuriant kind of eloquence, just as the Dutch love a prodigious show of flowers in their gardens. Hence, their admiration of the “finest” parts of Wilson’s writings, which to an Englishman are the most distasteful things he did. Hence, the too great rotundity of Alison; and the tedious verbosity of Aytoun’s *Norman Sinclair*. So, the old analytical and metaphysical kind of preaching has been superseded amongst them by a kind in which ornament—of anything but classical simplicity and elegance—is predominant.

If the ecclesiastical side of Scottish life be, as we are inclined to think, the most distinctively characteristic side of it in the eyes of a stranger, there is another national institution which rivals it in importance,—we mean the law. The Scot at Home has a law of his own, and a bar of his own, as well as a church or churches of his own. The bar is the highest profession in Scotland, not only by its historical traditions, but by the position of its leaders politically and otherwise; as well as from the fact that—excepting in the case of medicine, and that only partially—it is far the most profitable profession of all. The Lord Advocate is the organ by

whom the Scotch as a nation are represented in the common British Government ; and he is selected from the leading advocates of the party which is in power. The special Scotch legislation is conducted by him ; he is the leader of the Scotch Members ; and he is public prosecutor, in the discharge of which duty he is assisted by four deputy-advocates, and by the procurator-fiscals, a class of local public prosecutors who act as his representatives, and take the initiative in all cases of crimes committed. There being no Scottish Viceroy, or Scottish Secretary of State, it is obvious that an officer on whom all this devolves, holds a very important place ; and that much must depend on the condition of the profession from which he is selected. So little is known about these matters in the South that it will not be the least superfluous if we say that the superior court of law and equity (for there is no division of the branches) in Scotland,—the Court of Session—consists of two houses—the Outer and Inner, the latter of which consists of two chambers—the First and Second Divisions. Cases commence before one or other of the judges of the Outer House sitting as Lords Ordinary, and may be carried by appeal to the Inner House, the first division of which is presided over by the Lord President or Lord Justice General, and the second by the Lord Justice Clerk. The Court of Session (from which an appeal lies to the House of Lords) is the supreme Scottish Court. There are also Sheriffs' Courts all over the kingdom, with both civil and criminal jurisdictions, and which do all the duties performed in England by the county court judges, quarter sessions, and revising barristers. There are two orders of sheriffs—the sheriff-substitutes, who reside each in the locality to which he has been appointed, and the sheriff-deputes (or "sheriffs" simply), who hold courts at intervals, and to whom an appeal lies from the sheriff below him. The former judgeships are usually given to gentlemen who are content to sacrifice the chance of high success at the bar, and to settle down permanently on a comfortable competency. There is no promotion from them—except in such peculiar cases as that of one of them being held by the relation of a Lord Advocate ; nor is the sheriff-substitute allowed to practise. The superior sheriff may ; and his berth is a better one altogether. It is obvious from what we have said, that an action at law in Scotland may be a long affair. It may go from sheriff-substitute to sheriff ; from sheriff to Outer House ; and from Outer House to Inner House. The Scotch are getting tired of this prolixity, and it has often been proposed to abolish one set of the sheriffs as superfluous ; and even to cut down the number of judges of the Court of Session as too large. The bar is, of course, interested in keeping up a machinery which gives employment to so many advocates ; and the existence of which, indeed, is one reason why it is so largely recruited. That a special Scottish bar must continue to exist is a necessity arising from the differences between the laws of Scotland and England. These differences extend over both civil and criminal law, and affect every department of human affairs,—succession to property,

marriage, partnership, bankruptcy, wills, contracts, torts.* The two systems speak different languages, and employ different forms of procedure; and now that the two nations are socially much mixed up, it may often be a serious question to a man under which of them his affairs fall to be regulated. That at some future time they will be assimilated, admits of no doubt; and Scotch lawyers claim that already much English law reform is only an approximation to the more philosophical jurisprudence of the North. Be this as it may, the bar is, as it always was, the favourite profession of the Scot at Home. To be a minister is respectable, but nothing more. The office is hardly an object of *ambition* except to the peasantry. But the young Scot of the middle class dons the white neckcloth, which is the badge of an advocate, with a pride such as the naval cadet feels in his gold-laced and crowned cap, or the ensign in his glowing scarlet. The secret of this is the aristocratic character which belonged to the Faculty of Advocates in old days, and the tradition of which has survived its reality. The great Scottish text-books of law were all written by members of old landed families; by Erskine, and Stair, Bankton, who was a McDowall of Galloway, and Dirleton, who was a Haliburton of East Lothian and the borders. Lord Hailes was a Dalrymple; Lord Kames a Home; Lord Monboddo a Burnet; and if we seek for names of equal distinction, we must seek them among the Dundases, the Blairs, and the Hopes. The judges, however, of this old school were far from being only lawyers and gentlemen. They were scholars and men of letters, wits and humourists. Lord Hailes was an admirable historian, and a great antiquary. He and his contemporaries had nearly all received part of their education out of Scotland, just as Hume pursued his early studies in France, and Adam Smith at Oxford. They used to go to Leyden or Groningen to learn the civil law, and Lord Hailes had been to Eton to begin with. The society which they formed, therefore, in Edinburgh was not provincial,—it led an old cordial Scottish national life, flavoured and refined by foreign culture and polish. Sir Walter Scott saw in his youth the sunset of those fine old luminaries, and has recorded how a little glimpse of the country gentleman's attire could be seen under the judge's gown, indicating that he was a laird as well as a lawyer. Indeed, some forty or fifty years ago, it was thought a little audacious in a man not connected with a landed family to come to the Scottish bar at all. This feeling has long since vanished, and the constitution of the profession is altogether unlike what it was. A few of the ancient families still send sons there, but these gentlemen are *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. The de-nationalization of Scotland began with her upper class. By slow degrees, they have abandoned her universities and schools, deserted her capital, turned a cold shoulder to her church; and there will soon be none of them, or none worth speaking of, at her

* Let us refer the reader who is curious on this subject to the excellent work of Mr. James Paterson, M.A., of the Middle Temple—*A Compendium of English and Scotch Law*. (Edinburgh: Black. 1865.)

bar. Doubtless this change was inevitable; the civilization of the South is a richer, more cultivated, and more generous civilization. But we must remember that its consequences are important, if only in justice to the state of Scotland at present. For generations, Scotland has been drained by emigration, permanent or temporary, not of her people of rank only, but of her most able and enterprising sons of all conditions. We cannot, then, expect, from what may be called without offence the rump of a nation, a large national life. A Cockburn or a Pollock cannot be in the courts of Westminster and those of Edinburgh at one and the same time; and if a Macaulay, a Mill, a Hood, a Gladstone, or a Ruskin, is born to a Scottish emigrant in England and educated there, the Scot must be content to hear him called an Englishman; and may, perhaps, remember with a sigh, that, after much the same fashion, his nation gave Molière to France, and Kant to Germany. His country must carry on her so-called national life the best way she can with the material at her disposal, and must make a great deal of her porridge out of her second-best oatmeal. Accordingly, we have heard a veteran Scotch judge, old enough to remember the last great generation of his countrymen, predict the fall of Scotland's independent judicature for want of a profession to carry it adequately on. He said openly that there was a decay in the intellectual quality of the men coming up; and his opinion might be abundantly corroborated by that of others equally entitled to give it. Only two of the existing Court of Session are recognized by the Scotch public as men of consummate legal capacity—the venerable Lord President, McNeill, and the Lord Justice Clerk, Inglis. We have heard of translations of Latin charters being supplied to the bench in a great forest case—a fact to make Monboddo tremble in his grave. As with the church, so with the bar, the tests of the higher education are not nearly rigid enough. The bar has the advantage, because some of them have been at the English Universities. But the typical young advocate of the newest school, whom one sees lounging round the fire in the Parliament House, or pacing under its noble old roof, wigged and gowned, arm-in-arm with another of the mighty tribe of the burghers, is apt to be a poorish kind of creature in these respects. He has never had the prolonged grounding of an English public school-boy; nor the intellectual opportunities, combined with a pleasant, liberal, gentleman-like sociability of an English university man. He has passed in Latin, that is to say, he can read some of the easier prose in a rough and tumble way; and he has pretty punctually selected German instead of Greek, and coached up enough of it to get through. But he has no basis on which to build anything solid in the way of attainment; his law is learned in an office, and as a matter of practice and routine only; and of all law not required for everyday use—all the learning of the law properly so called,—he is nearly destitute. His favourite literature is naturally composed of the popular novels, and poems, and reviews of the day; and he sometimes dabbles a little in magazing himself. In this case his avidity for London literary gossip

is painfully curious; and it is worth notice that this avidity is quite compatible with an intense and even bitter provincialism of feeling. To the young advocate of the class which we have in our eye, Edinburgh is the centre of the universe; and the Parliament House is the centre of Edinburgh. The last small joke by Lord Niggle, the wag of the bench; the last job in a sheriffship; an anecdote of little Dogley, who rode out to Linlithgow, and finding his nag restive, brought him home by train; an anecdote of Miss Renfrew, who declined point-blank to be introduced to a gentleman at a dinner-party, and so supplied the town with a topic for a week,—these are our friend's daily delights. He is always ready with an account of the last snub given by the bench to the loquacious Patter; the last trick of the astute Foxy, the "Artful Dodger" of the profession. He can mimic the solemnity of Mr. Berwickshire Bumpshus; or describe how Gutter, unable to weather the corner of his street the other night under stress of whisky, was persuaded that it had been blocked up by an iron railing all across. He is, indeed, intensely provincial in his gossip. His little world of ideas is bounded by Granton, the Parliament House, the Calton Hill, and Moray Place. He repeats Wilson's jokes against cockneys,—forgetting that there are Edinburgh cockneys as well as other breeds. But he has still a secret misgiving that there are greater worlds, and he longs, without acknowledging their greatness, to hear their news.

The Scottish bar has no system of Inns of Court like that prevailing in England. The Faculty of Advocates is a corporation headed by a dean; and possesses a noble library, especially rich in everything relating to Scotland, and the advantages of which are opened to laymen with great liberality. But there are no "dinners in hall," or special aggregations of chambers; and the barrister puts "advocate" on his house-door as general practitioners in medicine do in London. This want of a common collegiate or monastic life, such as English traditions favour, also extends to the life of the Scottish universities. The students dwell in scattered lodgings, and meet in the class-rooms of the professors; and in Edinburgh they do not even wear a cap and gown. Their position as a body in Edinburgh—the chief, though the youngest university of Scotland—is a very unsatisfactory one. They are never seen in the better society of the place, and their means do not admit of their being of any consideration even in the eyes of the shopkeepers. They have, indeed, the air rather of the lads of a third-rate commercial school in the South than of the students of a university; and so far from living in the luxury of Oxford, they do not approach the decent comfort and homely elegance of Leyden. Ale and whisky-drinking at taverns called "pumps," and which are divided into curious little compartments for boozing unknown elsewhere, constitute their chief amusement; and they are rarely heard of as a body in Edinburgh except when they get up a snow-balling match with the *gamins* of the city. The fact that the gentry are not educated in Scotland as they are in England, in company with the middle class, is an unfortunate

peculiarity of the Scottish system. It prevents that comparative fusion of social degrees which in England develops the men of one degree, while it polishes the men of another. Hence, though the Scotch peasantry are certainly in advance of the English, and though there is more intellectual activity among the Scotch than the English trading classes, no such superiority belongs to the Scotch professional class. The average Englishman of that rank is nearly always a better-bred man, and of more agreeable manners than the corresponding Scot; and even when he has, no intrinsic superiority, he is pleasanter to consort with, as a sovereign is a nicer thing than a dusky one-pound note, though the note is also worth twenty shillings. On the whole, too, there is more of the finer culture among this section of the English; though not a larger proportion of it than their superior advantages ought to secure them. No people talk more about education than the Scotch, but it is astonishing how they have let their higher education go to the wall. Their chief grammar-school—the High School of Edinburgh—is in so painfully decadent a condition, that since Dr. Schmitz resigned, it has been gravely proposed to abolish the rectorship, and even to turn it into a mere commercial school! The question is being agitated while we write. But in any case, the school system and university system of Scotland do not fit into each other; instead of the university being the complement of the school, an ignoble rivalry prevails between them. A lad won't wait till he has reached the rector's class in a grammar-school, if a college professor is willing to teach him the elements; so the college gets degraded into a school, and the school withers for want of support. Then there is nothing in the way of endowments to encourage learning in Scotland, though the subject is perpetually agitated, and though the country is now rich. And it is impossible to live in Scotland without seeing that education is chiefly valued by the Scotch, not for its own sake, but as a means of getting on in the world. If you can become a popular preacher, or even a professor of divinity, without scholarship, why be a scholar? The great living Scotch Grecian, Mr. William Veitch, never received the smallest preferment of any kind, clerical or academic, from his countrymen, and owed his first real recognition to the delegates of the Clarendon Press at Oxford. Schoolmasters of every grade are badly paid and meanly treated through the length and breadth of Scotland; and as for the parochial teachers—those honest, humble men to whom the country owes its great educational glory, the instruction of *the people*—their history is one of the most shameful chapters in the history of literature. Their beggarly stipends were only raised a few years ago, after a long agitation between the Establishment, which desired to retain the control of them, and the Free Church, which was jealous of that last vestige of State Church superiority. While these people were disputing who was to ride the steed, the steed was starving. They are now a little better off; are examined, not by the presbytery, but by a board nominated by the universities, and are liable to trial for misconduct by the Home Secretary and the sheriff.

As a general rule, the social position of these poor fellows has been below that of the small farmers; they have been familiarly known by the nickname of "dominies;" and the greatest honour paid them has been the welcome presentation of a goose or a bun at Christmas from their scholars,—a compliment duly recorded in the local paper. *Aprpos*, we may say here, that *all* Scotch papers are "local papers." There is no central press exercising the kind of influence which is exercised over England by the press of London. Glasgow, for instance, has journals of its own, in no way inferior to those of Edinburgh, and which are widely diffused throughout the whole west. The growing provincialism of Scotland is perhaps more marked in its newspapers than in any other department of its life. Cultivated journalists of the stamp of the writers in *The Times* or *Saturday Review* are almost wholly unknown. The English press, however, is steadily and surely spreading its influence over Scotland,—like the English language, the English ways of living, the English church-music, the English game of cricket,—nay, even (a much more questionable novelty) the English pronunciation of Latin!

From what we have said, the reader will gather that the gradual decomposition of Scottish nationality, the steady, continuous transmutation of that nationality into provincialism, is the one great movement which attracts the attention of observers of the Scot at Home. This fact can be illustrated not merely from the condition of the churches, the bar, and the universities of Scotland, but from her literature and social life. The genius of the Scotch for literature was proved very early. George Buchanan was the acknowledged chief of the Latin poets of Europe in the sixteenth century, and his name was pronounced with benediction from the Elbe to the Tagus. His treatise *De Jure Regni apud Scotos* was declared by so thorough an Englishman as Dryden to have deeply affected the politics of Milton; and it may be said without exaggeration to have been the fountain of all political free-thinking, and one of the earliest stones laid in the edifice of modern liberalism. But the Scottish literature proper of that early time was not much less remarkable. Bishop Douglas (a younger son of "the lion in his den" of *Marmion*) translated the whole *Æneid* before the Earl of Surrey had translated any of it; and there is evidence that the Earl of Surrey made some use of his version. Humour and poetry are still to be seen in the pages of Sir David Lindsay; and there is strong power of every kind in the *History of the Reformation* by Knox. After these men, little was done till Robertson appeared; but when he came, the eighteenth century accepted him at once as one of its best historians. Scottish literature had still a national character, both in style and subject, all that century through. Hume, for instance, was as much in sympathy with the French as with the English mind; looked out upon life, and thought from an independent national position; and had distinct Scottish tendencies in sympathy and character which Scottish men of letters easily recognize. The same thing is true, though it would require a more elaborate analysis to prove it, of Adam Smith; while the Scotticism

of Burns and Scott needs hardly to be mentioned. But since Scott's time all has changed. The very vehemence of Wilson's nationality was partly the result of Wilson's consciousness that the nationality was passing away; just as the Burns' centenary speeches of 1859 were rather the voices of a generation going out than of a generation coming in. Now-a-days, a Scottish poet forms himself on Keats and Tennyson much as he might do if he had been born at York or Newcastle. There are imitations of the old Scots songs and ballads written; but they are only imitations, and they no longer take a place in literature. Indeed, the Scotch themselves now draw a distinction between "a poet" and "a *pote*." Mr. Alexander Smith, for example, is a poet; but "*potes*" count by scores among the weavers and labourers of Renfrewshire and Ayrshire. The vast impulse of Burns set all the country off—as an earthquake sets the bells ringing; and there are little bells ringing from that mighty vibration yet. But little of the poetry thus produced is ever good of its kind; much less good enough to constitute a national poetry in a cultivated and fastidious age. The historical school to which Mr. Hill Burton and Mr. Joseph Robertson belong is at least national in its subject. But it addresses itself only to a part of the population; and the Scot at Home who writes to the reading public proper, writes insipid tales, respectable reviews, or twaddling essays, precisely similar in character to those of Englishmen of the same calibre.

What is true in literature of the Scot at Home, is true in life. No Scot of the cultivated class now talks Scots, though it was talked by such within the memory of men who are still alive. He never calls money "siller," or orders the landlord to bring the "lawing," or speaks of a fox as "a tod," or of gooseberries as "grosets." He may speak of eatables as "vivers" sometimes, and if his tumbler is discoloured, may say that it is "drumlie;" but trifles of this kind are the extent of his indulgences in this direction. So, too, throughout all social life. In Edinburgh, a regular Scotch dinner may be ordered at a tavern, with cockaleekie, sheep's head, and haggis in due order: and an admirable dinner the visitor will find it. But the regular Edinburgh dinner of private life differs in no respect from a dinner given in the same rank of society in London. In one detail, Edinburgh has the advantage; families produce *claret* there, who would not produce it in the South; and this is one of the most honourable traditions of the ancient kingdom. Indeed, the wine in Edinburgh is excellent; fish is good and cheap, the oysters are little inferior to those of Whitstable, and the strawberries are unrivalled. The expenses of living are now nearly assimilated in the two cities; but the Scotch middle class live more economically than their compeers in the South. What is true of the dining-room, is true of the drawing-room. You hear the same fashionable foreign music of the day which you hear in the metropolis—not the characteristic Scottish music of the soil. There are damsels to be met in Scotland, however, who sing the national songs charmingly; and a really good-looking Scottish damsel, with paley-gold hair, fair complexion,

and a figure inherited from a vigorous race, is one of the prettiest sights of a country, whose own beauty deserves to be adorned by living beauty. It must be admitted, however, that good looks are more freely scattered over England than over Scotland. Scotswomen of the lower class are too often harsh and osseous. But this cannot be wondered at by any one who sees the rough and dirty life of the Scotch villages—the gloomy whitewashed cottages—the children running barefoot in all weathers—the desolate treeless aspect of the whole place, with its ugly church and bleak churchyard. There is wild beauty enough and to spare in Scotland; and there are great moral qualities in the people. What is wanted now is a gentler sunnier civilization, to take off that rough edge of incivility under the mask of independence, which people used to it all their lives probably fail to remark, but which grates on the nerves of strangers from other lands. Two or three years ago, an English gentleman in Edinburgh happened to ask a policeman whether he could pass through a particular street, traffic in which had been interrupted by a fire. On receiving a very rough answer in the negative, he simply said, "Thank you," and was moving off. "*Ye're a ceevil mon,*" said the policeman, relaxing under the unwonted courtesy. "*Ye can gang that way if ye like.*" This hardness of the Scotch common people is not out of keeping with the peculiar humour of the nation, which still lingers among the mass, the latest depositories of all traditions. It is a humour that turns on character, and that is drawn from the elemental founts of the ludicrous feeling, rather than a brilliant superficial humour like that of the Irish. It has generally, too, a caustic intellectuality about it, and the laughter which it produces reminds one of Hobbes's *dictum* that "the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmities of others." An Irishman rather than not be funny will be funny at his own expense. A Scot's fun is generally a ludicrous way of showing that he has *reason* on his side at somebody's else expense. Their odd, dry sarcastic pleasantry, however, though exquisitely racy to those who can appreciate it, and always based on something worth examining below the surface, is not accompanied with much quickness of perception or nicety of touch. Sydney Smith's remark about the "surgical operation" necessary to get a joke into a Scotsman's head was only a joke itself. But it was so far true that the Scotch have no ready appreciation of the lighter kinds of epigram and irony. They are a literal-minded, self-complacent people. But even these ingrained characteristics of the nation—these qualities bred in blood and bone—are being palpably modified by the changes of time. To see the old Scotch mind, you must not go to Edinburgh, which is in the curious position of having ceased to be Scotch without having become thoroughly English. There is more of it in Glasgow, and more of it still in towns like Paisley, where the old mother-wit and jollity of the country are still to be seen sharply defined. In such towns, no false theory of politeness prevents the hot water from being produced after dinner, and the inquiry of a sportive guest whether there is

a "kettle in the hoos" expedites the movement. The tumblers are duly accompanied by ladles and wine-glasses,—for toddy after all is the wine of the country, and far more wholesome than all but the best and dearest wine; the water is boiling, and poured directly from the kettle; and lemon is repudiated as destructive of the true flavour. Before long, the host proposes a health, and speeches are made all round. The Scot is fond of oratory, especially of the convivial kind, and it is curious how many excuses for it are discovered throughout the country in the course of a year. There is always some honest Scot getting a testimonial from his friends for one reason or other, and the testimonial is always presented at a dinner in "Mrs. McGilp's best style." The Scotch have forgotten their literature, and care no longer for Buchanan and Lindsay. They are content to have given up their independence, and are agreed that it was wise. They are gradually dropping their language, and allowing a thousand little innovations in manners to creep into their land. But they are still true to the native beverage with a deep and enduring love. The Scottish heart is preserved as the hearts of Bruce and the good Sir James Douglas were,—in spirits. On this point, however, too much humorous exaggeration prevails in South Britain. It would be well if there were fewer raw drams drunk by the Scotch working-men, and if among other English importations they imported more beer. But it is not for the gin and brandy consuming cockneys of the middle-class to be hard on a nation which drinks a better spirit than either, and drinks it in the form of that toddy which, according to Lockhart, Sir Walter preferred to all the wine in the world. Besides, the amount of toddy consumed is exaggerated by popular rumour. Ten-tumbler men are now rare. A minister like that Dumfriesshire man, who after his ten was heard to observe that he felt "nichtily refreshed," could not now be found; much less the Aberdeenshire one, who falling asleep after giving out the psalm, and being wakened by his precentor with the word, it's "dune," answered, "Na, na, there's mair in the black pig yet,"—under the impression that they were carousing together in his manse. The Ten Tumbler Club of Cupar, the chairman of which once went to bed on eight tumblers, and observed in the morning that he would not again tamper with his constitution, is extinct. And the old laird who on seeing two friends enter his avenue, exclaimed, "Rax me down the whisky bottle, Jock—we'll start fair!" has long since laid his moist clay with that of his fathers.

As a general rule it may be laid down that the best Scotsmen acquiesce, not sulkily but contentedly, in the changes which are passing over their country. When they see what is happening to small nations all through Europe, they thank God that *their* struggle fell upon a time when valour could not be neutralized by needle-guns and rifled cannon; and that afterwards they were able to join a great nation, and share all its advantages, on terms never secured by a small nation before. The consequent changes they take as matters of course, and have full reliance on

an equitable result of international questions should such ever rise again. They know that the Scottish lion is a well-fed beast, who has gained flesh without losing wind by his new position ; and that the thistle transplanted into English soil loses no purple from its bonnet, and is not sacrificed to the growth of the fairer rose. This, we say, the best Scotsmen know, and are ready to admit on whichever side of the Border you find them. But there is a little knot of men in the North,—agitators who never succeed in creating an agitation,—who think differently. According to them, it is a grave offence to Scotland, if a statesman uses “England” as the representative name of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. On the same principle, we suppose, to talk of the “Longmans” is a gross injustice to Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, or whoever may be the present partners of that respectable firm. This horrible practice is a mere matter of convenience, and is adopted by the French (the ancient allies of Scotland, as they have not yet forgotten) themselves. The French talk of what “*l’Angleterre*” is doing, and of the “*politique Anglaise*” as a mere matter of course, and for precisely the same reasons. The truth is that language always instinctively follows the state of facts. Scotland is *not* a separate nation in the sense which would alone justify these grumblers in their complaint ; and what nationality she has left, being on the wane, and an immense part of the people having become virtually English by choice of residence, the complaint must necessarily get more absurd every year. So far from being a sign that her nationality is still strong, it is a sign of her growing provincialism. Men conscious of strength are not so fidgety ; and men satisfied with realities are not such sticklers for forms. The provincial mind, however, is intensely jealous as well as feeble, and this little movement is one of its characteristic exploits. What is wanted now is, not an attempt to raise ill-feeling between the two countries,—it is a greater mutual knowledge by the two countries of each other. Every Scotsman who aids in that does some good to England as well as to his own country, and every Englishman some to Scotland as well as *his* own country. These are the international relations to be sought and preserved ; and it would be well if those who think otherwise would, instead of always boasting about Scotland, give Scotland some reason to boast of them.

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